735

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAM. GARTH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No bard for bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein,
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign---
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part---
----Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow,
And when I meet with merit ſcribble too.
The man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt eaſy, civil yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but thro' great good nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's homage ſhould receive,
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.

CLAREMONT.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

735

CONTAINING HIS

DISPENSARY, CLAREMONT, EPISTLES, PROLOGUES, TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.----
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in ev'ry line;
We judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.

CODRINGTON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE LIFE OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THIS gentleman was defcended from a good family in Yorkfhire. After he had paffed through his fchool-education he was removed to Peter-houfe in Cambridge, where he is faid to have continued till he was created Doctor of Phyfic, July 7, 1691*.

In 1696, Dr. Garth zealoufly promoted the erecting The Difpenfary; being an apartment in the college for the relief of the fick poor, by giving them advice *gratis*, and difpenfing medicines to them at low rates. This work of charity having expofed him, and many other of the moft eminent phyficians, to the envy and refentment of feveral perfons of the fame faculty, as well as apothecaries, he ridiculed them with peculiar fpirit and vivacity in his poem called The Difpenfary, in Six Cantos; which though it firft ftole into the world a little haftily and incorrect in the year 1669, yet bore in a few months three impreffions, and was afterwards printed feveral times, with a dedication to Anthony Henley, Efq. This poem gained our Author great reputation: it is of the burlefque fpecies, and executed with a degree of humour hardly equalled, unlefs in The Rape of the Lock.

Our Author's poetical character, joined with his fkill in his profeffion, his agreeable converfation, and

* Biog. Brit. p. 2129.

of his power, it could not fail of giving him ſenſible pleaſure to find Dr. Garth early declaring for him, and amongſt the firſt who beſtowed upon him the tribute of his Muſe, at a time when that nobleman's intereſt ſunk: a ſituation which would have ſtruck a flatterer dumb. There were ſome to whom this teſtimony of gratitude was by no means pleaſing, and therefore the Doctor's lines were ſeverely criticiſed by The Examiner, a paper engaged in the defence of the new miniſtry; but, inſtead of ſinking the credit either of the Author or the verſes, they added to the honour of both, by exciting Mr. Addiſon to draw his pen in their defence. In order to form a judgment both of the Criticiſm and the Defence, it will be neceſſary firſt of all to read the poem to which they refer*, more eſpecially as it is very ſhort, and may be ſuppoſed to have been written ſuddenly; and, at leaſt, as much from the Author's gratitude to his noble patron as a deſire of adding to his reputation.

Theſe verſes, however they may expreſs the gratitude and candour of the Author, and may contain no more than truth of the perſonage to whom they are addreſſed, yet every reader of taſte will perceive that the verſes are by no means equal to the reſt of Dr. Garth's poetical writings. Remarks upon theſe verſes were publiſhed in a Letter to The Examiner, Sept. 7, 1710. The author obſerves, "That there does not

* See his Poem addreſſed to the Earl of Godolphin.

" appear either poetry, grammar, or deſign, in the " compoſition of this poem: the whole (ſays he) ſeems " to be, as the ſixth edition of The Diſpenſary happily " expreſſes it, a ſtrong, unlaboured, impotence of " thought. I freely examine it by the new teſt of good " poetry which the Doctor himſelf has eſtabliſhed, " Pleaſing at firſt ſight. Has this piece the leaſt title " even to that? Or if we compare it to the only pat- " tern, as he thinks, of juſt writing in this kind, Ovid, " is there any thing in *De Triſtibus* ſo wild, ſo childiſh, " ſo flat? What can the ingenious Doctor mean, or " at what time could he write theſe verſes? Half of " the poem is a panegyric on a Lord Treaſurer in " being, and the reſt a compliment of condolence to " an Earl that has loſt the ſtaff. In thirty lines his " patron is a river, the *primum mobile*, a pilot, a victim, " the ſun, any thing, and nothing. He beſtows in- " creaſe, conceals his ſource, makes the machine move, " teaches to ſteer, expiates our offences, raiſes vapours, " and looks larger as he ſets. Nor is the choice of his " expreſſion leſs exquiſite than that of his ſimilies; for " commerce to run *, paſſions to be poiſed, merit to " be received from dependence, and a machine to be " ſerene, is perfectly new. The Doctor has a happy " talent at invention, and has had the glory of enrich- " ing our language by his phraſes as much as he has

* Lines 13, 14, 15, 16, were afterwards altered. See the poem.

"improved medicine by his bills." The critic then proceeds to confider the poem more minutely, and to expofe it by enumerating particulars. Mr. Addifon, in a Whig Examiner, publiſhed Sept. 14, 1710, takes occafion to rally the fierce overbearing fpirit of the Tory Examiner, which, he fays, has a better title to the name of The Executioner. He then enters into the defence of the Doctor's poem, and obferves, "That the phrafe of paffions being poifed, and re-"trieving merit from dependence, cavilled at by the "critics, are beautiful and poetical: it is the fame "cavilling fpirit (fays he) that finds fault with that "expreffion of the Pomp of Peace among Woes of "War, as well as of Offering Unafked." This general piece of raillery which he paffes on the Doctor's confidering the Treafurer in feveral different views is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller, or any other writer who has diverfity of thoughts and allufions; and though it may appear a pleafant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundlefs and unjuft.

Mr. Addifon's Anfwer is, however, upon the whole, rather a palliation than a defence. All the fkill of that writer could never make that poetical, or a fine panegyric, which is, in its own nature, removed from the very appearance of poetry; but friendfhip, good nature, or a coincidence of party, will fometimes engage the greateft men to combat in defence of trifles,

and even againſt their own judgment, as Dryden finely expreſſes it in his Addreſs to Congreve,

"Vindicate a friend."

In 1711 Dr. Garth wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, addreſſed to his late Majeſty, then Elector of Brunſwick, which has been admired as one of the pureſt compoſitions in the Latin tongue that our times have produced.

On the acceſſion of that King to the throne he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his Majeſty with the Duke of Marlborough's ſword *. He was likewiſe made phyſician in ordinary to the King, and phyſician general to the army. As his known ſervices procured him a great intereſt with thoſe in power, ſo his humanity and good nature inclined him to make uſe of that intereſt, rather for the ſupport and encouragement of men of letters who had merit than for the advancement of his private fortune, his views in that reſpect having been always very moderate. He lived with the great in that degree of eſteem and independency, and with all that freedom, which became a man poſſeſſed of ſuperior genius, and the moſt ſhining and valuable talents. His poem entitled Claremont, addreſſed to the Duke of Newcaſtle, printed in the ſixth volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies, met with great approbation. A warm admirer of the Doctor's, ſpeaking of Claremont, thus

* Chron. Diary for A. D. 1714-15.

expreſſes himſelf; "It will ſurvive (ſays he) the noble "ſtructure it celebrates, and will remain a perpetual "monument of its author's learning, taſte, and great "capacity, as a poet; ſince, in that ſhort work, there "are innumerable beauties, and a vaſt variety of ſen- "timents eaſily and happily interwoven; the moſt "lively ſtrokes of ſatire being intermixed with the "moſt courtly panegyric, at the ſame time that there "appears the true ſpirit of enthuſiaſm, which diſtin- "guiſhes the works of one born a poet from thoſe of "a witty or learned man, that has arrived at no "higher art than that of making verſe *." His know- ledge in philoſophy, his correct taſte in criticiſm, and his thorough acquaintance in claſſical literature, with all the advantages that can be derived from an exact but concealed method, an accurate though flowing ſtyle, and a language pure, natural, and full of viva- city, appear, ſays the ſame panegyriſt, in the Preface he prefixed to a tranſlation of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, which would have been ſufficient to have raiſed him an immortal reputation, if it had been the only pro- duct of his pen.

Dr. Garth is ſaid to have been a man of the moſt extenſive benevolence: that his hand and heart went always together; a circumſtance more valuable than all the luſtre which genius can confer. We cannot, however, ſpeak of his Works with ſo much warmth

* Biog. Britan. p. 2135.

as the author juſt quoted ſeems to indulge; and tho' they contain many things excellent, judicious, and humourous, yet they will not juſtify the writer, who dwells upon them in the ſame rapturous ſtrain of admiration with which we ſpeak of a Horace, a Milton, or a Pope. He had the happineſs of an early acquaintance with ſome of the moſt powerful, wiſeſt, and wittieſt, men of the age in which he lived; he attached himſelf to a party which at laſt obtained the aſcendant; and he was equally ſucceſsful in his fortune as his friends: perſons in theſe circumſtances are ſeldom praiſed or cenſured with moderation.

We have already ſeen how warmly Mr. Addiſon eſpouſed the Doctor's writings when they were attacked upon a principle of party; and there are many of the greateſt wits of his time who pay him compliments; amongſt the reſt is Lord Lanſdowne, who wrote ſome verſes upon his illneſs: but as the lines do no great honour either to his Lordſhip or the Doctor, we forbear to inſert them.

The following paſſage is taken from one of Pope's Letters, written upon the death of Dr. Garth, which we dare ſay will be more acceptable. "The beſt natu-"red of men, (ſays he) Sir Samuel Garth, has left me "in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very "heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made "a ſaint or a philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, "and worſe hearts, have branded his laſt moments, as

"wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You "muſt have heard many tales upon this ſubject: but "if ever there was a good Chriſtian without know- "ing himſelf to be ſo it was Dr. Garth."

Our Author was cenſured for his love of pleaſure, in which, perhaps, it would be eaſier to excuſe than defend him. But, upon the whole, his character appears to have been very amiable; particularly that of his bearing a tide of proſperity with ſo much evenneſs of temper; and his univerſal benevolence, which ſeems not to have been cramped with party-principles, as appears from his piety towards the remains of Dryden.

He died, after a ſhort illneſs, Jan. 18, 1718-19, and was buried the 22d of the ſame month in the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the county of Middleſex, in a vault he cauſed to be built for himſelf and his family *; leaving behind him an only daughter, married to the honourable Colonel William Boyle, a younger ſon of Colonel Henry Boyle, who was brother to the late, and uncle to the preſent, Earl of Burlington †. His eſtates in Warwickſhire, Oxfordſhire, and Buckinghamſhire, are now poſſeſſed by his grandſon, Henry Boyle, Eſq. whoſe amiable qualities endear him to all who have the happineſs of his acquaintance.

* Chronol. Diary, A. D. 1719.
† Collins' Peerage, vol. iv. p. 259.

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurpriſed to find it incorrect, tho' I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publiſher's precipitation in doing it; for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflection: ſo when we run the faſteſt we ſtumble the ofteneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader; and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but tho' I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin poets upon parallel inſtances to juſtify the deſign, yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf to a gentleman very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a Fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs, and to be revenged on the exorciſt mortifies

him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any graat genius mentioned there, since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the imputation, unless their quarrel be that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Molesse, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto: the sense of which line is entirely his; and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing

in this kind, till finding the animofities among the members of the College of Phyficians increafing daily, (notwithftanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy Prefident to the contrary) I was perfuaded to attempt fomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally fome of our difaffected members into a fenfe of their duty, who have hitherto moft obftinately oppofed all manner of union, and have continued fo unreafonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College to reinforce the obfervance of the ftatutes by a bond, which fome of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refufed the ceremony of the cuftomary oath; like fome that will truft their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was forry to find there could be any conftitution that was not to be cured without poifon, and that there fhould be a profpect of effecting it by a lefs grateful method than reafon and perfuafion.

The original of this difference has been of fome ftanding, tho' it did not break out to fury and excefs till the time of erecting The Difpenfary, being an apartment in the college fet up for the relief of the fick poor, and managed ever fince with an integrity and difintereft fuitable to fo charitable a defign.

If any perfon would be more fully informed about the particulars of fo pious a work, I refer him to a treatife, fet forth by the authority of the Prefident and Cenfors, in the year 1697: it is called, " A fhort

"account of the proceedings of the College of Physi-
"cians, London, in relation to the sick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient members, of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this Preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends against the dignity of their own profession: but if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in The Dispensary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines, and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the Author too indecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the

miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance which the Town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence, being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion either upon the reader or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

The copy of an Instrument, subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Physicians, in relation to the sick poor.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines *gratis* to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent, as also proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, court of Aldermen, and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here under-written, Fellows and Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the President and College declared in their *comitia*, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the sum of ten pounds a-piece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such

orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto ſhall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpoſe. In witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our hands and ſeals this twenty-ſecond day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Preſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect, and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect, and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon.
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, *jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Liſter.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylveſtre.
Cha. Morton.

Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
——— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers' names is to shew that the late undertaking has the sanction of a College act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

TO ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard that to think well of you should be but justice, and to tell you so should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues, and to gratify one good quality do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences, and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression: but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But tho' I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions, those more polite arts, which till of late have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers, insomuch that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and, as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself; but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more would be uneasy to you, and to say less would be unjust in

Your humble servant.

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

OH that ſome genius, whoſe poetic vein,
Like Montague's, could a juſt piece ſuſtain,
Would ſearch the Grecian and the Latin ſtore,
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt ore;
In laſting numbers praiſe thy whole deſign,
And manly beauty of each nervous line;
Show how your pointed ſatire's ſterling wit
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who 're gravely dull, inſipidly ſerene,
And carry all their wiſdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtripp'd of their diſguiſe,
None will again admire, moſt will deſpiſe:
Show in what noble verſe Naſſau you ſing,
How ſuch a poet's worthy ſuch a king.
When Somers' charming eloquence you praiſe,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To praiſe as imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhould venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn nor Dryden mend;
What muſt, writ with that fire and with that eaſe,
The beaus, the ladies, and the critics, pleaſe.

C. BOYLE.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, Friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like or damn;
I can be pleas'd, and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I.
Critics and aged beaus, of fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had fire, or elſe whoſe fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by rules what they want force to taſte.
I would a poet like a miſtreſs try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her noſe, her eye,
But by ſome nameleſs pow'r to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's, [charms,
If with reſiſtleſs fires my ſoul ſhe warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and ſuch art is thine,
Some ſecret magic works in ev'ry line;
We judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine.
Where all is juſt, is beauteous, and is fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar air.
Loſt in our pleaſure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 't is thought ſome critics in this Town,
By rules to all but to themſelves unknown,
Will damn thy verſe and juſtify their ow

Why, let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the city bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and ſkill,
Should not have leave to judge as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their malice and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy gen'rous pride to pleaſe the beſt,
Whoſe judgment and whoſe friendſhip is a teſt.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmoſt mind;
Unite, reſtore your arts, and ſave mankind;
Whilſt all the buſy Mirmils of the Town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou wouldſt a tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious Walſh can beſt direct her rage:
To Somers and to Dorſet too ſubmit,
And let their ſtamp immortalize thy wit:
Conſenting Phœbus bows if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremoſt bards above.
Whilſt theſe of right the deathleſs laurel ſend,
Be it my humble bus'neſs to commend
The faithful, honeſt man, and the well-natur'd friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praiſe your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire,
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe
In flowing verſe and elevated ſenſe.
  The Town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The playhouſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts with decoration-rhyme.
  The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none except upon themſelves ſevere;
While your's contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite,
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:

Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the fav'rite of the tuneful Nine,
Have made the god in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day,
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay:
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and tow'rs it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Awkward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive or an infant Muſe;
Whilſt your's, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great;
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.
Now let your Muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE;

In return to the Doctor's Consolatory verses to him upon the loss of his Rod.*

Thou, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Couldst, with thy never-dying verse, asswage;
Immortal verse, secure to live as long
As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song:
Thou, happy Bard! whose double-gifted pen,
Alike can cure an akeing corn or spleen;
Whose lucky hand administers repose
As well to breaking heart as broken nose;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompense of thine, when I was sad.
What tho' it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,
Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse?
In silence lost, since once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble strain;
When, check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
To throw aside the niece and act the bride:
Yet sure I may be thought among the throng
If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.
Dingle is lost! the hollow caves resound
Dingle is lost! and multiply the sound;

* See the Doctor's poem to the Earl of Godolphin.

Till Echo, chanting it by juſt degree,
Shortens to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt! where's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learn'd to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies,
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.
Learn, ye indulging Parents! learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, tho' that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.
But, oh! my friend, conſider, tho' ſhe's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, tho' from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets:

For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine
Than to withdraw and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick! in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys repairs:
The bold carouſer and advent'ring dame
Nor fear the fever nor refuſe the flame:
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, and piety.
Sire of all arts! defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life 's ſo much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world 's reclin'd,
And, by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

THE DISPENSARY.

IN SIX CANTOS.

----Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.
HOR. de Arte Poet.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 't is thou that beſt canſt tell
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell,
And why phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that moſt celebrated place *
Where angry Juſtice ſhews her awful face,
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate,
There ſtands a dome †, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems to the diſtant ſight a gilded pill.
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

In all her mazes Nature's face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd their ſearch purſu'd.
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
 Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations thro' the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a fev'riſh heat with ambient ſhow'rs;
Whence their mechanic pow'rs the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bileous juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;

Var. ver. 20.] ----------- they ſtill purſu'd.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
Here ſhe 's too ſparing, there profuſely vain.

Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why Envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia fire,
Why Southwell rages to ſurvive deſire;
Whence Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or idiots frames or ſolemn ſenators.

Hence 't is we wait the wondrous cauſe to find
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complections oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the features are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure and a form unſeen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry ſummons of the will:
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are deſcry'd-
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide;
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aſide.
Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhow a zeal;

Var. ver. 53.] Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine:
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, thro' midnight-watching drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The god of Sloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills and whiſp'ring trees;
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue and dull indolence:
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign;
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang ling'ring o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Batt'ning in eaſe and ſlumb'ring life away,
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
Firſt ſome to cleave the ſtubborn flint * engage,
Till urg'd by blows it ſparkles into rage;
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve.
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet:

* The building of The Diſpenſary.

In this place magazines of pills you ſpy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brandiſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare:
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat,
From the volcanoes groſs eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.

The ſlumb'ring god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again;
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs.

"How impotent a deity am I!
"With godhead born, but curs'd that cannot die!
"Thro' my indulgence mortals hourly ſhare
"A grateful negligence and eaſe from care:
"Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
"The northern monarchs from the duſty field?
"How have I kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
"From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
"Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
"And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
"I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
"Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
"In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

" What marks of wondrous clemency I'ave ſhown
" Some rev'rend worthies of the gown can own:
" Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
" Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
" How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
" When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!
" Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
" Aſpiring to be venerably dull:
" No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
" Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
" But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
" So wither green, and bloſſom in decay.
" Deep ſunk in down they, by my gentle care,
" Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
" And leave to tatter'd Crape * the drudgery of pray'r.
" Urim † was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
" Had humour and a courteous confidence;
" So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
" The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
" He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of pray'r,
" In madrigals, and phillising the fair;
" Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
" And ſoon as the deſert appear'd withdrew;
" Always obliging, and without offence,
" And fancy'd for his gay impertinence.

* See Boil. Lut.
† Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Biſhop of Rocheſter.

"But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed;
"He threw off my dominion and would read;
"Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well;
"In convocation-language could excel;
"In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
"By nothing guarded but by Providence;
"How grace and moderation diſagree,
"And violence advances charity:
"Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
"A wretched ſcribbler of a rare buffoon.
"Mankind my fond propitious pow'r has try'd
"Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd;
"And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bow'rs,
"To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
"Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
"O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
"And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
"Or if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
"Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,

Var. ver. 170.] Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe,
I ſought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell,
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

"The peals of Naſſau's * arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
"Mine he moleſts to give the world repoſe;
"That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
"His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies:
"Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves control,
"Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole:
"With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
"And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies."
But as the ſlothful god to yawn begun
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on.
"'T was in this rev'rend dome I ſought repoſe;
"Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe:
"Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
"And laugh'd at heroes and their glorious toils:
"My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
"With eaſy inſignificance of thought;
"But now ſome buſy enterpriſing brain
"Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
"And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign."
With that the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his falt'ring lips this meſſage falls:
"Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
"Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.

* See Boil. Lut.

Var. ver. 183.] Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round.
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſeleſs doors.

"Find Envy out; ſome prince's court attend,
"Moſt likely there you 'll meet the famiſh'd fiend;
"Or where dull critics authors' fate foretel;
"Or where ſtale maids or meagre eunuchs dwell.
"Tell the bleak Fury what new projects reign
"Among the homicides of Warwick Lane,
"And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtraight inclines
"To blaſt their hopes and baffle their deſigns."
 More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

SOON as the ev'ning veil'd the mountains' heads,
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds,
Whilſt ſick'ning flow'rs drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaus for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew,
The city ſaints to pray'rs and playhouſe haſte,
The rich to dinner, and the poor to reſt,
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd, with care,
To ſlide on tender pinions thro' the air:
Oft' he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.

Var. ver. 197.] Or in cabals or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew,
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day;
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe Dorſennus ſhows.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toadſtool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanoes labour thus with inward pains,
Whilſt ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſat
Foul bawling Infamy and bold Debate,
Gruff Diſcontent, thro' Ignorance miſled,
And clam'rous Faction at her party's head,
Reſtleſs Sedition, ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer *.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the Fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.

* See Dryden's Fables.

This ſhow'd how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian Eagles here their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave:
Great Cyrus here the Medes and Perſians join,
And there th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
A while his curdling blood forgot to glide,
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And falt'ring accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The hag lay long, revolving what might be
The bleſs'd event of ſuch an embaſſy,
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm.
Thus ſhe—"Mankind are bleſs'd; they riot ſtill
"Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.

Var. ver. 61.] Then ſhe---"Alas! how long in vain have I
"Aim'd at thoſe noble ills the Fates deny?
"Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
"Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?
"Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
"At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee;
"Somers does ſick'ning equity reſtore,
"And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more;

" By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
" And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
" For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
" And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
" The lover's eaſy when the fair one ſighs,
" And gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
" Each other being ſome indulgence knows;
" Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
" My preſent pain Britannia's Genius wills,
" And thus the Fates record my future ills.
" A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
" With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heav'n with pray'r.
" She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
" And only to preſerve exert her pow'r.
" Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
" And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear*.

" Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings;
" He ſpoke, and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings;
" Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
" With blazes of hereditary right;
" The noble ardour of a royal fire
" Inſpires the gen'rous breaſt of Devonſhire;
" And Macclesfield is active to defend
" His country with the zeal he loves his friend;
" Like Leda's radiant ſons, divinely clear,
" Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear
" To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere;
" Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
" Auguſtus liſtens if Mecænas ſue;
" And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
" Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

* In Ætna were forged the thunderbolts which Jove employed againſt the ambition of the giants.

" Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
" The happy enterprifes of the great,
" I'll calmly ftoop to more inferior things,
" And try if my lov'd fnakes have teeth or ftings."
She faid; and ftraight fhrill Colon's * perfon took,
In morals loofe, but moft precife in look;
Blackfriers' annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of Apothecaries' Hall;
And when fo dignify'd did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eafe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling fhow his tinfel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects fupplies.
In afpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primeval years:
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren fuperfluity of words:
The patient's ears remorfelefs he affails,
Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.
The Fury, thus affuming Colon's grace,
So flung her arms, fo fhuffled in her pace:
Onward fhe haftens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horofcope † invokes th' infernal gods,
And reach'd the manfion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

* Lee, an apothecary.

Var. ver. 95.] In hafte he ftrides along, to recompenfe
The want of bus'nefs with its vain pretence.

† Dr. Barnard.

This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a Patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave:
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlowe, charms in Lady Grace*:
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 't is alone he bows,
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry
Bold to preſcribe and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge ſhark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread:
Aloft, in rows, large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near a ſcaly alligator hung:
In this place drugs in muſty heaps decay'd,
In that dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the num'rous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.

* Lady Grace Pierpoint.

Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage in velvet chair here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhams reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of foretels.
  One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.
Some by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long;
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful Nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon;
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chuſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hothouſe he prefers to Julia's arms:
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.

Bleak Envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries:
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope, environ'd by the crowd.
"Forbear, forbear! thy vain amuſements ceaſe;
"Thy woodcocks from their gins a while releaſe,
"And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
"Which thou ſhouldſt fear to know or I to tell.
"'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
"The great Alcides of our company.
"When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
"Ourſelves from all parochial offices,
"And to our wealthier patients left the care
"And draggled dignity of ſcavenger,
"Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
"Nought could be equal but the great ſucceſs.
"Now call to mind thy gen'rous proweſs paſt,
"Be what thou ſhouldſt, by thinking what thou waſt.
"The Faculty of Warwick Lane deſign
"If not to ſtorm at leaſt to undermine:
"Their gates each day ten thouſand nightcaps crowd,
"And mortars utter their attempts aloud:
"If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
"Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
"Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,
"And none, in complaiſance to us, would die.
"What if we claim their right t' aſſaſſinate,
"Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?

"Prevent it, Gods! all ſtratagems we try
"To crowd with new inhabitants your ſky.
"'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies' command
"To purge the troubled air and weed the land;
"And dare the College inſolently aim
"To equal our fraternity in fame?
"Then let crabs'-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
"Or Highgate-Hill with lofty Pindus vie;
"So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
"And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
"Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
"And their true value treacherouſly tell;
"Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
"That health, than crowns more valu'd, coſt not much;
"Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
"To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools."
At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate;
The crowd in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the Fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and reaſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore altho' the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.

Var. ver. 202.] Whilſt we, at our expenſe, muſt perſevere,
And, for another world, be ruin'd here.

Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the Magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of ſuccinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce animated clay,
Till Fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal:
The wight no ſooner did the ſteam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative:
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure goddeſs own'd.

CANTO III.

All night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before;
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies;
Tumult'ous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

“ Oft' has this planet roll'd around the ſun
“ Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun ;
“ Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
“ Some granted my predictions more than gueſs :
“ But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
“ This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain ;
“ For the dull world moſt honour pay to thoſe
“ Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
“ Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf ;
“ Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf :
“ He loathes the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow ;
“ You'll ne'er convince a fool himſelf is ſo :
“ He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
“ And ſtill the only pleaſure 's the deceit.
“ So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye
“ Which no exiſtence has but in the eye ;
“ As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
“ We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air :
“ From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
“ And he knows moſt who lateſt is undone.
“ Mankind one day ſerene and free appear,
“ The next they 're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere :
“ New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite,
“ And what they like at noon they leave at night ;
“ They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe,
“ And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe :
“ Religion's bright authority they dare,
“ And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear :

"They counsel others, but themſelves deceive,
"And tho' they're cozen'd ſtill they ſtill believe.
"So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
"This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
"Shall I then who, with penetrating ſight,
"Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
"Who, with unfathom'd ſearches, hourly pierce
"The dark receſſes of the univerſe,
"Be aw'd if puny emmets would oppreſs,
"Or fear their fury, or their name careſs?
"If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
"Be not the fictions of a fickly brain,
"That project The Diſpenſary * they call,
"Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall."
With that a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots thro' the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies;
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home:
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumb'ring pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair:
Light's cheerful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from Inns of Court bolts out unpaid:
The ſage tranſported, at th' approaching hour
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs:
To him thus Horoſcope.

* Medicines made up there for the uſe of the poor.

" My kind companion in this dire affair,
" Which is more light ſince you aſſume a ſhare,
" Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
" When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
" With expedition on the beadle call,
" To ſummon all the Company to the Hall."
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of hartſhorn riſe:
The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal pow'r,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor;
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright
Aſcends to blaſt the tender bloom of light;
No myſtic ſounds from hell's deteſted womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees
To that devouring Harpy call'd Diſeaſe;
Then flow'rs in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring,
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake, and black hellebore,
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweet'ner ſaſſafras are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too the pyramid increaſt,
A mummy next, once monarch of the Eaſt;

Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prefcriptions lights the folemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumfy wings afpire,
And fmoth'ring fogs of fmoke benight the fire:
With forrow he beheld the fad portent,
Then to the hag thefe orifons he fent.
"Difeafe! thou ever moft propitious pow'r,
"Whofe kind indulgence we difcern each hour,
"Thou well canft boaft thy num'rous pedigree,
"Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
"In gilded palaces thy prowefs reigns,
"But flies the humble fheds of cottage fwains.
"To you fuch might and energy belong,
"You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ftrong;
"The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
"And are to us your vaffals only kind.
"If, in return, all diligence we pay
"To fix your empire and confirm your fway,
"Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
"From Kent-ftreet end to fam'd St. Giles's Pound,
"Behold this poor libation with a fmile,
"And let aufpicious light break thro' the pile."
He fpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers' hearts, and thus he faid:
"As thefe confume in this myfterious fire,
"So let the curs'd Difpenfary * expire;

Var. ver. 102.] Thou that wouldft lay whole ftates and regions [wafte
Sooner than we thy cormorants fhould faft.
* See the allufion, Theoc. Farm.

"And as thoſe crackle in the flames and die,
"So let its veſſels burſt and glaſſes fly."
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard,
The altar fell, the off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the Company was met.
  Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable-ſtreams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames,
There ſtands a ſtructure * on a riſing hill,
Where tyros take there freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell
How, by the Delian god, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the philter brew
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha † for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, Nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their am'rous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft' by abortion, aim
To loſe a ſubſtance to preſerve a name.
  Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
Th' aſſembly Diaſenna ‖ thus addreſs'd.
  "My kind confed'rates! if my poor intent,
"As 't is ſincere, had been but prevalent,

* Apothecaries' Hall. † See Ovid. Met.
‖ Gilſtorp, an apothecary.

" We here had met on ſome more ſafe deſign,
" And on no other bus'neſs but to dine;
" The Faculty had ſtill maintain'd their ſway,
" And int'reſt then had bid us but obey:
" This only emulation we had known,
" Who beſt could fill his purſe and thin the Town.
" But now from gath'ring clouds deſtruction pours,
" Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
" Miſts from black jealouſies the tempeſt form,
" Whilſt late diviſions reinforce the ſtorm.
" Know when theſe feuds, like thoſe at law, were paſt,
" The winners will be loſers at the laſt.
" Like heroes in ſea-fights we ſeek renown,
" To fire ſome hoſtile ſhip we burn our own.
" Whoe'er throws duſt againſt the wind, deſcries
" He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
" That juggler which another's ſleight will ſhow,
" But teaches how the world his own may know.
  " Thrice happy were thoſe golden days of old,
" When dear as Burgundy ptiſans were ſold;
" When patients choſe to die with better will
" Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
" And cheaper than for our aſſiſtance call,
" Might go to Aix or Bourbon ſpring and fall.
" Then prieſts increas'd, and piety decay'd,
" Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
" Their lives and doctrine ſlaves and Atheiſts made.
" The laws were but the hireling judge's ſenſe;
" Juries were ſway'd by venal evidence;

" Fools were promoted to the council-board,
" Tools to the bench, and bullies to the ſword:
" Penſions in private were the ſenate's aim,
" And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
" But now no influencing art remains,
" For Somers has the ſeal, and Naſſau reigns;
" And we, in ſpite of our reſolves, muſt bow,
" And ſuffer by a reformation too:
" For now late jars our practices detect,
" And mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe effect.
" Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
" Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
" So lines that from their parallel decline,
" More they proceed the more they ſtill disjoin.
" 'Tis therefore my advice in haſte we ſend,
" And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
" Send ſwarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
" So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
" Straight turn familiar, and their faſces quit.
" In vain we but contend; that planet's pow'r
" Thoſe vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before."

Var. ver. 182.] But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' effect.
Diſſenſions, like ſmall ſtreams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance the more they ſtill disjoin,
'Tis therefore my advice in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage expreſt,

As he prepar'd the miſchief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd and foam'd with ſpite:
Sour ferments on his ſhining ſurface ſwim,
Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret ſo much if freckles come,
Or noſe ſhould redden in the drawing-room,
Or lovers that miſtake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he—" Thou ſcandal of great Pæan's art!
" At thy approach the ſprings of Nature ſtart,
" The nerves unbrace; nay, at the ſight of thee
" A ſcratch turns cancer, itch a leproſy.
" Couldſt thou propoſe that we, the friends of Fates,
" Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople ſtates,
" Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of lives,
" Whilſt Ruſſel † as we pleaſe or ſtarves or thrives,
" Should e'er ſubmit to their deſpotic will,
" Who out of conſolation ſcarce can kill?
" The tow'ring Alps ſhall ſooner ſink to vales,
" And leeches in our glaſſes ſwell to whales;
" Or Norwich trade in inſtruments of ſteel,
" And Birmingham in ſtuffs and druggets deal;
" Alleys at Wapping furniſh us new modes,
" And Monmouth-ſtreet Verſailles with ridinghoods;
" The ſick to th' Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
" And change the gravel-pits for Kentiſh air.

* Dare, an apothecary.
† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

"Our properties muſt on our arms depend;
"'Tis next to conquer bravely to defend:
"'Tis to the vulgar death too harſh appears;
"The ill we feel is only in our fears.
"To die is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
"Where billows never break nor tempeſts roar:
"Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke 'tis o'er.
"The wiſe, thro' thought, th' inſults of death defy,
"The fools thro' bleſs'd inſenſibility.
"'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,
"Sought by the wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the brave:
"It eaſes lovers, ſets the captive free,
"And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.
"Sound but to arms, the foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
"Our force increaſes as our funds grow leſs;
"And what requir'd ſuch induſtry to raiſe
"We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
"Thus they'll acknowledge to annihilate
"Shews no leſs wondrous pow'r than to create.
"We'll raiſe our num'rous cohorts, and oppoſe
"The feeble forces of our pygmy foes:
"Legions of quacks ſhall join us on the place,
"From great Kirleus down to Doctor Caſe.
"Tho' ſuch vile rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
"Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt prize.
"Such poor ſupports ſerve only like a ſtay;
"The tree once fix'd, its reſt is torn away.
"So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
"Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe;

" On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
" And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
" Arm, therefore, gallant friends! 't is honour's call;
" Or let us boldly fight or bravely fall."
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing diff'rence to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides †, aroſe.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong*.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he. " 'Tis true, when privilege and right
" Are once invaded, honour bids us fight;
" But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
" Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
" Scorn'd by the baſe, 't is courted by the brave,
" The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave.
" Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
" And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
" Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
" And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
" It lives when in Death's arms the hero lies,
" But when his ſafety he conſults it dies.
" Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
" Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

“ Then let us to the field before we move,
“ Know if the gods our enterpriſe approve:
“ Suppoſe th' unthinking Faculty unveil
“ What we, thro' wiſer conduct, would conceal,
“ Is't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
“ That ſhews the monſtrous features of our face?
“ Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
“ Thought fit an innovation to create,
“ Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
“ Tho' projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
“ All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
“ When good our envy, and when bad neglect.
“ If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
“ Had borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
“ Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
“ Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
“ Then ſince no veneration is allow'd
“ Or to the real or th' appearing good,
“ The project that we vainly apprehend
“ Muſt as it blindly roſe as vilely end.
“ Some members of the Faculty there are
“ Who int'reſt prudently to oaths prefer;
“ Our friendſhip with feign'd airs they poorly court,
“ And boaſt their politics are our ſupport:
“ Them we'll conſult about this enterpriſe,
“ And boldly execute what they adviſe.”

Var. ver. 287.] If things of uſe were valu'd, there had been
Some workhouſe where the Monument is ſeen.

But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some *aurum fulminans* the fabric * ſhook:
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove,
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented theatre
Where wand'ring punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
Where Bentely † by old writers wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe † lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none but ſuch as ruſt in health unknown:
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſt'ning preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.

* The room the apothecaries meet in is over the laboratory.
† Two bookſellers.

Long has this darling quarter of the Town
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſoe'er degree,
To blend and joſtle into harmony.
The critics each advent'rous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man;
The weeds of writings for the flow'rs they cull,
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate:
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell:
The country dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe:
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit:
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits
Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungen'rous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye
Mirmillo *, that fam'd opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat:

* Dr. Gibbons.

Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun.
" 'Tis with concern, my friends! I meet you here;
" No grievance you can know but I muſt ſhare.
" 'Tis plain my int'reſt you 'ave advanc'd ſo long,
" Each fee, tho' I was mute, would find a tongue:
" And, in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
" Thoſe ſtatutes which on oath I ſhould defend,
" Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind;
" Great ſervices as great returns ſhould find:
" And you 'll perceive this hand, when glory calls,
" Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
" Oxford and all her paſſing bells can tell
" By this right arm what mighty numbers fell:
" Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
" I oft' diſpatch'd the patient in a day.
" With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
" I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
" Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
" And death in ambuſh lay in ev'ry pill:
" For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
" Tho' credit ſuffers the reward 's the ſame.
" What tho' the art of healing we pretend?
" He that deſigns it leaſt is moſt a friend.
" Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
" To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
" Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
" His glorious cowardiſe reſtor'd the day:

"So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
"To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.
"Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
"Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
"But th' enemy, at their expense, shall find,
"When honour calls I'll scorn to stay behind."
He said; and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris *,
Who thus advanc'd. "Each word, Sir, you impart,
"Has something killing in it, like your art.
"How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
"Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
"Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,
"'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours.
"Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
"You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
"O that near Xanthus' banks † you had but dwelt
"When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!
"The horned river then had curs'd in vain
"Young Peleus' arm that chok'd his stream with slain.
"No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
"Their ten years' toil you'd finish'd in ten days.
"Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,
"In vain the cowards fly or brave resist.
"Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
"No labours are too hard for Hercules:

* Mr. Pearce. † See Hom. Iliad.

"Our military ensigns we'll display;
"Conquest pursues where courage leads the way."
To this design shrill Querpo* did agree,
A zealous member of the Faculty;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus† next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses mutt'ring what he meant:
His sparks of life in spite of drugs retreat;
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press,
His province is lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour like a jakes restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around:
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And deaf to reason still consult their eyes:
Well he perceives the world will often find
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
To num'rous stores and strength in magazines;

* Dr. Howe. † Dr. Tyson.

So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat;
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane;
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler 's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er.
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra * ſpare,
Who, ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival pow'r invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight;
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him † the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have,
The vain are ſprightly, and the ſtupid grave;
The ſlothful negligent, the foppiſh neat;
The lewd are airy, and the ſly diſcreet;
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt ‖ a Lycurgus, and a Phocion Rowe ‡.

* Dr. Gould. † See the imitation, Hor. Sat. iii.
‖ Sir H. Dutton Colt. ‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade.
"Since of each enterpriſe th' event's unknown,
"We'll quit the ſword and hearken to the gown.
"Nigh lives Vagellius *, one reputed long
"For ſtrength of lungs and pliancy of tongue.
"For fees to any form he moulds a cauſe;
"The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
"Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
"And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
"Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
"Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide;
"Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
"Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
"To law then, friends! for 't is by Fate decreed
"Vagellius and our money ſhall ſucceed.
"Know, when I firſt invok'd Diſeaſe by charms,
"To prove propitious to our future arms,
"Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
"Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend."
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard †.
"In vain your magic myſteries you uſe,
"Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
"Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
"Such is the pow'r of ſound and force of lays.

* Sir Barth. Shower. † Sir Richard Blackmore.

"Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fauchions claſh *,
"And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh:
"Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
"And hideous War o'er all the region brays.
"Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
"Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubes
"Of cinders bore †.————
"Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
"Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back ‖."
As he went rumbling on, the Fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight;
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents found.
"Mortal! how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
"My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
"In Eſſex' marſhy Hundreds is a cell
"Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell;
"Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
"And ſhiv'ring quartans ſhake the ſickly air:
"There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
"And ſubſtitute phyſicians in my place:
"Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
"The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
"But in your lines let energy be found,
"And learn to riſe in ſenſe and ſink in ſound.
"Harſh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
"None pleaſe the fancy who offend the ear.

* King Arthur, p. 307. † Ibid. p. 327. ‖ Ibid. p. 130.

" In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
" Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
" In one what vig'rous turns of fancy ſhine!
" In th' other Sirens warble in each line!
" If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
" The Smiles and Graces melt in ſoft deſire,
" And little Loves confeſs their am'rous fire.
" The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
" To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
" As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
" Pan quits the woods, the liſt'ning Fawns the plains,
" And Philomel in notes like his complains;
" And Britain, ſince Pauſanias * was writ,
" Knows Spartan virtue and Athenian wit.
" When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
" Or what Apollo dictates Prior ſings,
" The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhow,
" And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
" Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
" Slide without falling, without ſtraining ſoar.
" Oft' tho' your ſtrokes ſurpriſe, you ſhould not chuſe
" A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
" Long did Apelles † his fam'd piece decline;
" His Alexander was his laſt deſign.

After ver. 212. theſe lines are omitted:
The Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

* Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

† See Hor. B. ii. epiſt. 1. Plin. Plaut. Cic. epiſt. Val. Max.

"'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove
"None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove."
  The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground:
Then ſhe——"The deity we Fortune call,
"Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all;
"Straight for her favour to her court repair;
"Important embaſſies aſk wings of air."
  Each wond'ring ſtood, but Horoſcope's great ſoul,
That dangers ne'er alarm nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Outflew the rack, and left the hours behind.
  The ev'ning now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care;
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below;
The bat with ſooty wings flits thro' the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpins move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Thro' the tranſparent region of the ſkies
Swift as a wiſh the miſſionary flies;
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies kindling in the night
Shoot thro' the ether in a trail of light;

Var. ver. 232.] The Fury ſaid; and, vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, "To arms;" ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterpriſe conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhow'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble coruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornadoes bluſter in the ſky;
Why a prolific *aura* upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhow'r deſcends;
How vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
   The wond'ring ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night;
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining Lyre * with ſtrains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring manſions now than hell's before †;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.

* Orpheus's harp, made a conſtellation.
† See Manil.

Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn;
Each flow'r in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As thro' the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day:
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies:
His tow'ring brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies and thunder rolls below.

Diſtant from hence, beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns:
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from wat'ry beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.

Eternal ſpring, with ſmiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year:
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent riv'lets flow;
The tub'roſe ever breathes, and violets blow:
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers:
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron * ſhows,
And as ſhe pays diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes:
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays:

* Waller.

No blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh:
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And, warbling dirges, die on ev'ry note:
Where Flora treads her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bow'rs and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flow'ry vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
  Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court:
Upon a wheel of amethyſt * ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gipſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.
  The dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear——and then begun.
"Hail, ſacred Seer! thy embaſſy I know;
"Wars muſt enſue, the Fates will have it ſo.

* This ſtone reckoned fortunate. See the Hiſt. of Nat. Magic.

"Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
"Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet*:
"Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
"The mortar now, and then the urinal.
"To thee alone my influence I owe;
"Where Nature has deny'd my favours flow.
"'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my pow'r,
"Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
"I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
"The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
"Sir Scrapequill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
"Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
"Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
"Caps from the rich, and curſes from the poor.
"Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
"Drinks rich tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
"Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
"And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
"Souls heav'nly born my faithleſs boons defy;
"The brave is to himſelf a deity.
"Tho' bleſs'd Aſtrea's gone, ſome ſoil remains
"Where Fortune is the ſlave, and Merit reigns.
"The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
"Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolemy:
"Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
"Shall for a Heſſe a greater Mordaunt find.

* See the alluſion, Lucan.

"Thus Ariadne * in proud triumph rode;
"She loſt a hero †, and ſhe found a god ||.

CANTO V.

When the ſtill Night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground,
And ſlumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream;
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme,
The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief,
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
"Long have I reign'd unrivall'd in the Town,
"Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
"None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
"Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
"My arbitrary bounty 's undeny'd;
"I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
"None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
"But I to make it eaſy make it ſhort.
"I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
"And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
"Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
"In noiſy riot and in civil rage?

* See Steph. † Theſeus. || Bacchus.

"No; I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
"Preſerve my character and perſon too."
  But Diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh, then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own.
  "Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy Peace
"From her dark ſolitude and lov'd receſs?
"Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
"And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
"And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
"His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
"Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
"Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
"Have I made parties oppoſite unite
"In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
"To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
"Is Freedom, but their aim the miniſtry?
"And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
"The war ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
"No, 't is reſolv'd; he either ſhall comply,
"Or I'll renounce my wan divinity."
  With that the hag approach'd, Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
  "At noon of night I haſten to diſpel
"Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.
"I dream'd but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
"Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.

"O that 't were but a dream! but threats, I find,
"Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
"Speak whence it is this late diforder flows
"That fhakes your foul, and troubles your repofe.
"Miftakes in practice fcarce could give you pain;
"Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain."
"What looks difcover," faid the homicide,
"Would be a fruitlefs induftry to hide.
"My fafety firft I muft confult, and then
"I'll ferve our fuff'ring party with my pen."
"All fhould," reply'd the hag, "their talent learn;
"The moft attempting oft' the leaft difcern.
"Let Peterborough fpeak, and Vanbrugh write,
"Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight;
"Such muft fucceed; but when th' enervate aim
"Beyond their force, they ftill contend for fhame.
"Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
"He had not been the Saffold of the Town.
"Affes and owls, unfeen, their kind betray,
"If thefe attempt to hoot or thofe to bray.
"Had Weftley never aim'd in verfe to pleafe,
"We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbies.
"Still cenfures will on dull pretenders fall;
"A Codrus fhould expect a Juvenal.
"Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd
"To fet off and to recommend the good:
"So diamonds take a luftre from their foil,
"And to a Bentley 't is we owe a Boyle.

" Confider well the talent you poffefs;
" To ftrive to make it more would make it lefs;
" And recollect what gratitude is due
" To thofe whofe party you abandon now.
" To them you owe your odd magnificence,
" But to your ftars your magazine of fenfe.
" Hafpt in a tombril, awkward have you fhin'd,
" With one fat flave before and none behind.
" Then hafte and join your true intrepid friends;
" Succefs on vigour and difpatch depends."
Lab'ring in doubts Mirmillo ftood; then faid,
" 'Tis hard to undertake if gain diffuade:
" What fool for noify feuds large fees would leave?
" Ten harvefts more would all I wifh for give."
" True, Man!" reply'd the elf; " by choice difeas'd,
" Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd,
" A prefent good they flight, an abfent chufe,
" And what they have for what they have not lofe.
" Falfe profpects all their true delights deftroy,
" Refolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.
" In reftlefs hurries thoughtlefsly they live,
" At fubftance oft' unmov'd, for fhadows grieve.
" Children at toys, as men at titles, aim,
" And in effect both covet but the fame:

Var. ver. 87.] But foon what they 'ave exalted they 'll difcard,
And fet up Carus or the city bard.
Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,
And ftorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
" My dread refolves," he cry'd, " I 'll ftraight purfue;"
The Fury fatisfy'd in fmiles withdrew.

"This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years,
"And firſt for rattles, then for worlds, ſhed tears."
The Fury ſpoke, then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his ſight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay Morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures thro' the ether riſe;
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chanter at his early matins yawns;
The am'ranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd *cap-à-pé*, where honour calls he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt,
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By Mulciber *, the mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd *ſtibium* the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd †:
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Grav'd round the brim, the wond'ring ſight deceives:
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to flay:
Emboſs'd upon the field a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hemorrhoidal blood.

* See the alluſion, Hom. Iliad, b. xviii. Virg. Æn. b. viii.
† See Ovid. Met. b. ii.

The artiſt, too, expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of fee:
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
 Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon:
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan;
His creſt an ibis *, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck:
This when the young Querpoïdes † beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd,
Then peep'd, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear,
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
 As Querpo tow'ring ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right;
An oran outang || o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung:
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war.

* This bird, according to the Ancients, gives itſelf a clyſter with its beak.

† Alluding to Aſtyanax. See Hom. Iliad.

|| The ſkin of a diſſected baboon called ſo.

"Fam'd Chiefs!
"For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
"Your virtue I admire, your valour more;
"If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
"Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command;
"Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
"And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
"Tho' gods themſelves engage, a Diomed*
"With eaſe could ſhow a deity can bleed.
"But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt;
"The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
"Let quinſies throttle and the quartan ſhake,
"Or dropſies drown, and gout and colics rack;
"Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
"Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory.
"Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
"The dead I raiſe my chivalry proclaim;
"Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
"In Fame's bright liſt my victories record.
"More lives from me their preſervation own
"Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown."
"Your cures," ſhrill Querpo cry'd, "aloud you tell,
"But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
"Zeno, a prieſt in Samothrace of old,
"Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the Bold;
"Immortal gods you own, but think 'em blind
"To what concerns the ſtate of human kind:

* See Homer's Iliad, b. v.

"Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r;
"That argues want of pow'r, and this of care.
"Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
"Pow'r infinite muſt act. I grant it ſo.
"Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane, ſurvey with zeal
"The walls. What then? reply'd the infidel.
"Obſerve thoſe num'rous throngs in effigy
"The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
"'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that periſh'd in the deep?
"Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill,
"But, tho' unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
"Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
"In war ſurpriſes ſureſt conduct ſhow."
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick Lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends declares:
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council 's call'd, and Stentor * firſt was heard;

* Dr. Goodall.

Var. ver. 204.] True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He 's always dully gay or vainly grave.
With indignation and a daring air
He paus'd a while, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

His lab'ring lungs the throng'd Prætorium rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident.
"Machaon *, whoſe experience we adore,
"Great as your matchleſs merit is your pow'r:
"At your approach the baffled tyrant Death
"Breaks his keen ſhafts and grinds his claſhing teeth:
"To you we leave the conduct of the day;
"What you command your vaſſals muſt obey:
"If this dread enterpriſe you would decline,
"We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign:
"But if my arguments had force, we'd try
"To humble our audacious foes or die.
"Our ſpite, they 'll find, to their advantage leans;
"The end is good, no matter for the means."
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lie.

* Sir Thomas Millington.

Var. ver. 218.] What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd;
But ſev'ral voices ſev'ral methods mov'd.
At length th' advent'rous heroes all agree
T' expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into their ſhop the bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd,
And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their front ſo well ſecur'd t' obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſt deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly;
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

He had not finiſh'd till th' out-guards deſcry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph rather than a war:
Tho' wide the front, tho' groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful as it nearer drew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepares,
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty ſquire reſign the ſhield.
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the Muſe that ſung the Frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray,
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play;
Their patron god his ſilver bowſtrings twangs,
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour:
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly,
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their levell'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhow'r:
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give:
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main,

From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne,
Such wat'ry ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea and which is ſky.
  And now the ſtagg'ring braves, led by deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhow'rs of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gallipots and broken phials crown'd,
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.
  Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhow'rs of ice deſcends,
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.
  But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's * arm a maſſy opiat flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon † great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mien
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron ‖ attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon. † Dr. Birch.
‖ Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.

Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas * ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
"Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead;
"Thy fate ſhall follow:" to confirm it, ſwore
By th' image of Priapus, which he bore;
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone †, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud.
"Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas!
"If faithful to thy midnight myſteries,
"If ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
"Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
"Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
"So may loud cymbals aid thy lab'ring light."
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Tho' the haranguing god ſurvey'd the war,
That day the Muſes' ſons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features and alike their flame,
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſt'ning river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their Muſe ‖ could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after Nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.

* Dr. Chamberlain. † See Pliny. ‖ See Taſſo.

The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own:
At his once favour'd friend a tome he threw
That from his birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung thro' the battle Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great;
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſeful cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell;
And as the victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended thus the ſuppliant ſu'd.
"When honour's loſt, 't is a relief to die;
"Death 's but a ſure retreat from infamy:
"But to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
"Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
"Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
"Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face;
"If he was near, compaſſion he 'd create,
"Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.

"Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
"To thee the lov'd Difpens'ry * I refign."
At this the victors own fuch ecftafies,
As Memphian priefts if their Ofiris fneeze,
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd,
Or fimp'ring prudes with fprightly Nantz infpir'd;
Or fultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or fafting zealots when the fermon 's done.
A while the chief the deadly ftroke declin'd,
And found compaffion pleading in his mind,
But whilft he view'd with pity the diftreft,
He fpy'd Signetur † writ upon his breaft;
Then t'wards the fkies he tofs'd his threat'ning head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, faid;
"Sooner than I 'll from vow'd revenge defift,
"His Holinefs fhall turn a Quietift,
"Janfenius and the Jefuits agree,
"The Inquifition wink at herefy,
"Warm convocations own the church fecure,
"And more confult her doctrine than her pow'r."
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ftill fupplicating fage;
But while his thoughts that fatal ftroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee:

* See the allufion, Virg. Æn.

† Thofe members of the College that obferve a late ftatute are called by the apothecaries *Signetur men*.

Var. ver. 346.] Faith ftand unmov'd thro' Stillingfleet's de-
And Locke for myftery abandon'd fenfe. [fence,

The chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew;
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
  Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we 'ave ſeen,
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood,
But at the firſt appearance of a fare
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
  The hero ſo his enterpriſe recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning light:
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape and Grafton's air:
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom and Berkeley's innocence.
On Iris thus the diff'ring beams * beſtow
The dye that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls. [ſhown,
  "Enough th' achievement of your arms you 'ave
"You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.

* See Newt. of Col.

"Haſte to th' Elyſian-fields, thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
"Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods:
"Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
"The method that muſt mollify theſe woes:
"Let Celſus * for that enterpriſe prepare;
"His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care."
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heav'nly bright they could not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhall'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes,
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air:
But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonion ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below,
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike, and ſtraight, at her command,
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies;
Hygeia† to the ſilent region tends,
And with his heav'nly guide the charge deſcends.

* Dr. Bateman.
† Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a goddeſs.

Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria * guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe and calls them out to day:
Hence panſies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the baſhful roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.
The inſects here their ling'ring trance ſurvive;
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive:
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards ſleep;
Where ſhiv'ring ſnakes the ſummer-ſolſtice wait,
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd erucæ † hide,
Their num'rous feet in ſlender bandage ty'd:

* See Ovid. Met.
† See Godort of Caterpillers and Butterflies,

Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And, proud of painted wings, attempt the ſkies.
Now thoſe profounder regions they explore
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore:
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead;
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin:
The copper * ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks:
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies:
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire,
Their love 's more violent than the chymiſt's fire.
Near theſe the delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams thro 'amber channels run;
Where light's gay god deſcends to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle ſhells:
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear;
Theſe mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are:

* See Yald on mines.

Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate;
Till drops, that from impending rocks deſcend,
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And whilſt enrag'd their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the lab'ring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clam'rous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or whirling in tumultuous eddies fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one cheerful glimpſe their ſteps befriends;
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps,
And undiſturb'd by form in ſilence ſleeps:
A griſly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy;
With ſordid age his features are defac'd,
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte!
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.

Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy conſort, nods:
No ways and means their cabinet employ,
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
  Nigh this receſs, with terror, they ſurvey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mould'ring urns, racks, daggers, and diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
  Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait
Which execute the harſh decrees of Fate.
Febris * is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears:
In her parch'd eyeballs fiery meteors reign,
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
  Then Hydrops † next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along;
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe 's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her wat'ry ſtore.

* Fever. † Dropſy.

Now loathſome Lepra*, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading pow'r,
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre Phthiſis† gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow.
No loud alarms nor fierce aſſaults are ſhown;
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who at his nod on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades,
Where rocks and rueful deſerts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then ſhews the ferryman the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore:
To whom the Stygian pilot ſmiling ſaid,
"You need no paſſport to demand our aid;
"Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand;
"Old Charon's preſent ſtill at their command:
"Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
"To them the peopling of their realms below."
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,

* Leproſy. † Conſumption.

Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade *,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head;
Pale grief ſat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
"Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade! why ſighs
"Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes;
"And who thoſe mangled manes are which ſhow
"A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?"
"Since," ſaid the ghoſt, "with pity you'll attend,
"Know I'm Guâicum †, once your firmeſt friend,
"And on this barren beach in diſcontent
"Am doom'd to ſtay till th' angry pow'rs relent.
"Thoſe ſpectres, ſeam'd with ſcars, that threaten
"The victims of my late ill conduct are: [there,
"They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe;
"This wants his palate, that demands his noſe:
"And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
"And ply me ev'ry moment with a pill."
Then Celſus thus. "O much-lamented ſtate!
"How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
"Methinks I recollect your former air,
"But, ah! how much you're chang'd from what you
"Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie. [were!
"That once were ſprightlier far than Mercury.
"At the ſad tale you tell the poppies weep,
"And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;

* See the alluſion, Virg. Æn. vi.
† Dr. Morton.

" The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
" Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
" But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
" The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
" When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
" In rockets till they reach the wond'ring ſkies.
" If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
" Entreaties to their awful ſeats I 'd ſend;
" But ſince no human arts the Fates diſſuade,
" Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade."
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay,
Then riſing from the ground he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood;
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone:
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd,
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
And taſte the indulgence of a milder ſky:
Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away:
Cool ſtreams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide,
And as they paſs their painted banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flow'rs ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here:
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head:

Rob'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen.
So when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And ev'ry grace unſung the waves conceal.
The delegate obſerves, with wond'ring eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend and incenſe riſe,
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion * of diſaſtrous love.
Here Jealouſy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers and fantaſtic fears:
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings:
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears;
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow garlands hang on ev'ry bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her down-caſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground;
Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of Deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box and ſparkle in the ring!
Till the green-ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;

* See Virg. Æn. vi.

An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke.
"Tell me, dear Shade! from whence ſuch anxious care,
"Your looks diſorder'd and your boſom bare?
"Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flow'r,
"Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhow'r?
"Your languid looks your late ill conduct tell;
"Oh! that inſtead of traſh you 'ad taken ſteel."
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid:
"When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
"You ſtyle our modeſty our want of fire:
"Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
"You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
"Vainly you think a liking we betray,
"And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
"Few are the fair ones of Rufilla's make,
"Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe 'll forſake:
"But ſev'ral Cælias ſev'ral ages boaſt,
"That like where reaſon recommends the moſt:
"Where heav'nly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
"Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire."
"Your ſex," he cry'd, "as cuſtom bids behaves;
"In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves.
"To do nice conduct right you Nature wrong;
"Impulſes are but weak where reaſon 's ſtrong.
"Some want the courage, but how few the flame;
"They like the thing that ſtartle at the name.

"The lonely phœnix, tho' profeſs'd a nun,
"Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun.
"Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
"Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires."
Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air:
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain;
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he——
"Hail, blooming Goddeſs! thou propitious pow'r,
"Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore;
"With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
"That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
"Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
"Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
"With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
"The foul diſſenſions of the Faculty;
"How your ſad ſick'ning art now hangs her head,
"And, once a ſcience, is become a trade:
"Her ſons ne'er rifle her myſterious ſtore,
"But ſtudy Nature leſs and lucre more.

"Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
"A temple *, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
"Oft' Father Tiber views the lofty fire,
"As the learn'd ſon is worſhipp'd like the ſire:
"The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
"The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
"I ſhew'd of old how vital currents glide,
"And the meanders of the refluent tide:
"Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
"And whence involuntary motions there;
"And how the ſpirits by mechanic laws
"In wild careers tumult'ous riots cauſe:
"Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Gliſſon, lie
"In the abyſs of blind obſcurity:
"But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are forborne,
"And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
"Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
"How her loſt health your ſcience may regain."
"Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus † addreſs,
"From Heav'n and great Naſſau he has the mace:
"Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
"Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care:
"He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
"Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their Harpy claws,
"And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
"On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.

* A temple built at Rome, in the iſland of Tiber, to Æſculapius, ſon of Apollo.

† Lord Somers.

"Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſt'ning throng
"Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
"His arguments are emblems of his mien,
"Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' ſerene;
"And when the pow'r of eloquence he'ld try,
"Here lightning ſtrikes you, there ſoft breezes ſigh.
"To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
"Your charter claims him as your viſiter:
"Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
"Your ſcience to the height it had before.
"Then Naſſau's health ſhall be your glorious aim;
"His life ſhould be as laſting as his fame.
"Some princes' claims from devaſtations ſpring;
"He condeſcends in pity to be king;
"And when, amidſt his olives plac'd, he ſtands,
"And governs more by candour than commands,
"Even then not leſs a hero he appears
"Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
"Would Phœbus or his Granville but inſpire
"Their ſacred veh'mence of poetic fire,
"To celebrate in ſong that godlike pow'r
"Which did the lab'ring univerſe reſtore,
"Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
"And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
"The earth's repoſe and empire o'er the main.
"Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
"To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:

"Whilſt Malice and Ingratitude confeſs
"They 'ave ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.
"When late Jove's Eagle * from the pile ſhall riſe
"To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
"A while the god puts off paternal care,
"Neglects the earth to give the heav'ns a ſtar;
"Near thee, Alcides †, ſhall the hero ſhine,
"His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
"Had ſome fam'd patriot of the Latian blood,
"Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
"But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties,
"Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies,
"Loud Ios the proud Capitol had ſhook,
"And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke."
No more the ſage his raptures could purſue;
He paus'd, and Celſus with his guide withdrew.

* Read the ceremony of the Apotheoſis.
† Hercules, a conſtellation near Ariadne's Crown.

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

----Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos, tua, Mecænas haud mollia juſſa. VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windſor Foreſt, the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will ſhow a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont *to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks where echoes were heard, and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the Third Book of the Metamorphoſes, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had diſpoſſeſſed her,*

--- vox tantum atque oſſa ſuperſunt,

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay

the gentleman who is meant would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of. Experience shows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed; and the only refuge from their indgnation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may be directed by the quotations to the authors that have mentioned them.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more:
The last indulge the fault the first commit,
And take off still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd, are their ways,
They poche Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
No Muse is proof against a golden show'r.
Let but his Lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own;

Or if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
Falſe fame cries---"Athens;" honeſt truth---"Moor-
Thus fool'd he flounces on thro' floods of ink, [fields."
Flags with full ſail, and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyrics laſh, their ſatires praiſe:
So nauſeouſly and ſo unlike they paint,
N—'s an Adonis, M—r a ſaint:
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
To form great works puts Fate itſelf to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man;
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun,
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon *:
The ſire of gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade,
But with a hero well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein,
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Should indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.

* Hercules.

Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
  What then.--You'll ſay, Muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow,
And when I meet with merit ſcribble too.
  The man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt eaſy, civil yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but thro' great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's homage ſhould receive,
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
  But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When Pelham you reſign'd, what could repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes, that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides;
But when new-gath'ring ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations as he runs beſtows.
  Direct me, Clare! to name ſome nobler Muſe,
That for her theme thy late receſs may chuſe;
Such bright deſcriptions ſhall the ſubject dreſs,
Such vary'd ſcenes, ſuch pleaſing images,

That ſwains ſhall leave their lawns and nymphs their [bow'rs,
And quit Arcadia for a ſeat like your's.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous part
Where Nature borrows dreſs from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aſpire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verſe thoſe riſing hills,
Their gentle vallies and their ſilver rills;
Cloſe groves and op'ning glades with verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing ſweets, and ſhrubs that balſam bleed;
With gay variety the proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon ſmiling round;
Whilſt I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.
In times of old, when Britiſh nymphs were known
To love no foreign faſhions like their own;
When dreſs was monſtrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad *;
Of Spaniſh red unheard was then the name,
(For cheeks were only taught to bluſh by ſhame)
No beauty, to increaſe her crowd of ſlaves,
Roſe out of waſh, as Venus out of waves:
Not yet lead-comb was on the toilette plac'd;
Not yet broad eyebrows were reduc'd by paſte:
No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe Providence had made:

* Glaſtum. See Pliny. Ἰσάτις. See Dioſcorides.

Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come:
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
  The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs;
Upright in actions*, and in thought ſincere,
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone,
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad,
But ſtill what fancy wanted reaſon had.
Whatever Nature aſk'd their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only ate to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians' fees,
Nor ſerv'd up death in ſoups and fricaſſees.
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
For looks were then the language of the mind.
  Ere right and wrong by turns ſet prices bore,
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence,
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs,
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters:
In thoſe good days of innocence here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,

* Mores eis ſimplices, a verſutia et improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti. See *Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. lib. iv. verſ. Lat.*

Frequented by the Druids *, to beſtow
Religious honours on the miſtletoe †.
  The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there,
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood;
So ſacred was the manſion of a god.
  Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe,
Here for the bleeding victims altars roſe:
To Hermes ‖ oft' they paid their ſacrifice,
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd,
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right,
Yet had few laws but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No politics but public intereſt ‡.

* Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos. *Plin. lib.* xvi.

† Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, et arbore in qua gignatur, ſi modo ſit robur, ſacratius. Plin. *ibid.* Et viſcum Druida. *Ovid.*

‖ Deum maxime Mercurium colunt: hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c. *Cæſ.*

‡ De republica, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. *Cæſ. lib.* vi.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood:
Nor Simony nor ſinecure were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone:
Nor was the way invented to diſmiſs
Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band,
Taught how to tend the flocks and till the land,
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travell'd with the ſun *:
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading thro' the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye.
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would ev'n Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions by the Samian ſage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe:

* Multa præterea de ſideribus, et eorum motu, de rerum Natura, &c. *Cæſ.*

For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own:
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will in the next on other ſtems appear:
The ſap that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood:
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.
  They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies*, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive†:
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign,
Great Numa, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws, and halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.

* Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios. *Cæſ.*

† Et vos Barbaricos ritus----Sacrorum Druidæ----rediture parcere vitæ---regit idem ſpiritus artus. *Lucan, lib.* i.

The truths of old traditions were their theme,
Or gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſt acts they cited, and to come foretold,
And could events not ripe for fate unfold.
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke *.
Attend then, Clare! nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong †.
The fair Montano, of the Sylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry grace:
His ſire green Faunus, guardian of the wood,
His mother a ſwift Naiad of the flood;
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye,
Nor when a flow'r could boaſt more fragrancy;
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl, than mountain-ſnow more fair;
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe,
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe:
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down:

* Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur. *Cæſ.*
† Superſtitione vana Druidæ canebant, &c. *Tacit. lib. iv.*

All day he rang'd the woods and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace:
For tho' poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair:
His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe:
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies,
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with mould'ring ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall,
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall:
The claſping ivys up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drouſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies,
But feels a fiercer flame; Love's keeneſt dart
Finds thro' his eyes a paſſage to his heart.
Penſive the virgin ſat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms:
With pity he beholds her wounding woes,
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.

"Oh! whether of a mortal born," he cries,
"Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies,
"That in compaſſion leave your cryſtal ſphere,
"To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here?
"Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove,
"But pity one a novice yet in love.
"If words avail not, ſee my ſuppliant tears,
"Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners."
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep or ſuſtenance relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimm'ring light,
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight:
What force remains the hapleſs lover tries,
Invoking thus his kindred deities.
"Haſte, parents of the flood! your race to mourn,
"With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn:
"Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
"Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade."
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do the mournful Faunus tries,
A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies:
The rural pow'rs the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent honours pay.

Th' afcent with verdant herbage Pales fpread,
And Nymphs transform'd to laurels lent their fhade:
Her ftream a Naiad from the bafis pours,
And Flora ftrows the fummit with her flow'rs:
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When filver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour more
Than for Narciffus her loofe flame before:
Her flefh to finew fhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks fhe hides her head;
Soon as the ev'ning fhows a fky ferene,
Abroad fhe ftrays, but never to be feen;
And ever as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the fame.
With them fhe joins her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before:
Her fex's privilege fhe yet retains,
And tho' to nothing wafted voice remains.
So fung the Druids—then with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god infpir'd *.
" Ere twice ten centuries fhall fleet away,
" A Brunfwick prince fhall Britain's fceptre fway.
" No more fair Liberty fhall mourn her chains;
" The maid is refcu'd, her lov'd Perfeus reigns.
" From Jove he comes †, the captive to reftore,
" Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.

* Et partim auguriis, partim conjectura, quæ effent futura, &c. *Cic. de Divinatione.*

† Son of Jupiter and Danae.

"Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe,
"And Juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.
"Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
"Her ſafety to ſecure two pow'rs accord,
"Her Neptune's trident and her monarch's ſword.
"Like him ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
"Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms:
"Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs,
"And Venus once more found an Alban race.
"Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage;
"Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
"Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſlead,
"And laws ev'n by the legiſlators bleed,
"His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud
"None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
"For tyrants are but princes in diſguiſe,
"Tho' ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
"Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend,
"The firmeſt patriot and the warmeſt friend.
"Great Edward's Order early he ſhall wear *,
"New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.
"Oft' will his leiſure this retirement chuſe,
"Still finding future ſubjects for the Muſe;
"And to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
"The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name."

* Theologi et vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui a victimarum extis de futuris divinant. *Diod. Sic. Lat. ver.*

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

NEAR the vaſt bulk of that ſtupendous frame
Known by the Gentiles' great apoſtle's name,
With grace divine great Anna's ſeen to riſe,
An awful form! that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due rev'rence pay their homage there:
Britain and Ireland ſeem to own her grace,
And ev'n wild India wears a ſmiling face.
  But France, alone with downcaſt eyes, is ſeen
The ſad attendant of ſo good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws,
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her gen'ral—and her word;
For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old;
For thee, for thee, alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies which her arms had won,
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon)
Reſign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlb'rough's arm could gain:
For thee in annals ſhe 's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stewart line.

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degen'rate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage ev'ry year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—tho' certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not ſought,
Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought.
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind;
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For ev'ry ruffian ev'ry nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great Avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effect ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply—Behold their looks, their ſouls, declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of Blood! your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon—repent too late:

Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond or the third from Jove;
For 't is the nature of that ſacred line
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built by hands divine;
But Love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES

written for the

TOASTING GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE 's a name can every Muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of Day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the ſun and Carliſle took their way
To warm the frozen North, and kindle day;
The flow'rs to both their glad creation ow'd;
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe, beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero and the brighteſt dame
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine,
The health 's engaging and divine;
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of Wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of Love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILDBED.

Hyde, tho' in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful Morn.

LADY WHARTON.

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſt,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

EPITAPHIUM

GEORGII COMITIS DE HUNTINGDON.

Hic ſitus eſt
Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
Præclara Haſtingorum proſapiâ
Natus;
Et nepte ex Plantagenettorum ſtemmate
Oriundus;
Literarum humaniorum cultor indefeſſus;
In aulâ ornatiſſimus;
In acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum ſuavitas,
Cum gravitate comitas,
Cum fide urbanitas;
Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Niſi quod mori potuerit.
Tantus animi candor ingenitus
Ut tot numeraverit amicos,
Quot familiares.

Procul habuit mollitiem atque inertiam,
Turpè exiſtimans,
Queis dignitate præſtitit,
Ab his virtute ſuperari.
Flagrante per Europam bello,
Salutis publicæ quam ſuæ ſtudioſior,
Ad rem militarem exercendam
Se contulit.
Obſeſſis
Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiſervertâ,
Quæ fortiter, ſub Duce Marlburgenſi, tentavit,
Feliciter perfecit;
Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit
Quam gloriam.

Obiit kal. Mart. viii. æræ Chriſtianæ 1706.
Ætat. XXVI.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOS,

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

In moving lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well;
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn,
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn:
The fair you'll find, when ſoft entreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail:
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they love whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns or poorly craves,
Commencing tyrants and concluding ſlaves.
  In diff'ring breaſts what diff'ring paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out as appetite returns;
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
  Your ſex in all that can engage excel,
And ours in patience and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears,
Tho' infant graces ſooth your gentle hours
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flow'rs,
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear,
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenal bloom:
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you:
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe,
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies;
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty ſhines,
And ev'ry ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO

RICH. EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

Our poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well:

In that soft art succesfully refin'd,
Tho' angry Cæsar frown'd the fair were kind.
More ills from love than tyrants' malice flow;
Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain and found the ease:
Physicians study most their own disease.
The practice of that age in this we try;
Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right.
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so aton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair one's sake:
The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.
Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring;
The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
Tho' you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.
On all that goddess her false smiles bestows,
As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose.
Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves:
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hov'ring on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide;
Inſtead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has moſt charms who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety; 't is but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

CEASE rural conqueſts, and ſet free your ſwains;
To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains:
In penſive dales alone let Echo dwell,
And each ſad ſigh ſhe hears with ſorrow tell.
Haſte, let your eyes at Kent's* pavilion ſhine;
It wants but ſtars, and then the work's divine.
Of late Fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive gen'rals and protected crowns;
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, ſtates vanquiſh'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour ſumm'd in one.

* A gallery the Earl of Kent has built at St. James'.

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes;
In which bright list among the first you stand,
Tho' each a goddess or a Sunderland.

TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty Prince! and those great nations see
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd;
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown
To ev'ry grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great;
Which, pamper'd with success, and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Tho' all the fault 's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars;
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.

So the great Scipio of old, to ſhun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retir'd;
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cauſe requir'd,
To ſhine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

WHILST weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the ſword deſtroys not famine kills,
Our iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful care,
The pomp of peace amidſt the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labour 's long for our repoſe.
Such conduct, ſuch integrity, are ſhown,
There are no coffers empty but your own.
From mean dependence merit you retrieve;
Unaſk'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the ſource from whence it flows.
No pomp or grand appearance you approve:
A people at their eaſe is what you love.
To leſſen taxes, and a nation ſave,
Are all the grants your ſervices would have *.

* The four preceding lines formerly ſtood thus:
So poiz'd your paſſions are, we find no frown,
If funds oppreſs not, and if commerce run.
Taxes diminiſh'd, liberty entire,
Theſe are the grants your ſervices require.

Thus far the ſtate-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchleſs order by your care;
Free from confuſion, ſettled and ſerene,
And, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen,
But now ſome ſtar, ſiniſter to our pray'rs,
Contrives new ſchemes, and calls you from affairs.
No anguiſh in your looks, or cares, appear;
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to ſteer.
Thus, like a victim, no conſtraint you need
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude 's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The god of Day and your own lot 's the ſame;
The vapours you have rais'd obſcure your flame:
But tho' you ſuffer, and a while retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you ſet.

TO MR. GAY ON HIS POEMS.

When Fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat,
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrain,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus: the Graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the Muſes ſtrung,
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADDLERS'-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY Pedant! let thy awkward Muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh and not be felt in thee 's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any but thy ſchoolboys ſmart.
Then be adviſ'd, and ſcribble not agen;
Thou 'rt faſhion'd for a flail and not a pen.
If B——l's immortal wit thou wouldſt deſcry,
Pretend 't is he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons! arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no texts, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live,
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons! is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe, without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies are only abſolute.
Britons! for ſhame, your factious feuds decline;
Too long you 'ave labour'd for the Bourbon line.

Aſſert loſt rights; an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal.
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this cauſe unite:
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance;
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care;
At worſt he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSIC MEETING IN YORK BUILDINGS.

WHERE Muſic and more pow'rful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure and the pain?
Here their ſoft magic thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten or but look we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire
Of Orpheus' numbers or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill,
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood ſtill?
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields muſt tremble here:
Triumphant Love more vaſſals makes than Fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine 's apparent in their eyes.
That empire 's fix'd that 's founded in deſire;
Thoſe flames the Veſtals guard can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE CORNISH SQUIRE. A COMEDY.

WHO dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the ſtage;
There the dread phalanx of Reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome:
Their ears ſo ſanctify'd no ſcenes can pleaſe,
But heavy hymns or penſive homilies.
Truths plainly told their tender nature wound,
Young rakes muſt like old patriarchs expound;
The painted punk the proſelyte muſt play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How Nature is inverted! ſoon you 'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and ſects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at myſtery.
Let characters be repreſented true,
An airy ſinner makes an awkward prue.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Tho' pulpits flatter, let the ſtage ſpeak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite.
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna 's a ſtateſman, Sydrophel a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.

Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let thoſe precife Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet and Papiſt too they 'll ſurely maul;
There 's no indulgencies at Hicks's Hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay;
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke;
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market.

Such was our builder's art, that, ſoon as nam'd,
This fabric, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 't is the poet only can create:
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give;
When marble fails the Muſes' ſtructures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Tho' ſacred to the name of Love's fair queen:
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Tho' finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find,
By Beauty * founded, and by Wit deſign'd.

* My Lady Sunderland was pleaſed to lay the firſt ſtone.

In the good age of ghostly Ignorance,
How did cathedrals rise and zeal advance!
The merry Monks said orisons at ease;
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates:
But now that pious pageantry 's no more,
And stages thrive as churches did before.
Your own magnificence you here survey;
Majestic columns stand where dunghills lay,
And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He 'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own;
Tho' to the sun his tow'ring eagles rise,
They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

EPILOGUE,

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay:
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe.
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you.
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh! may once more the happy age appear
When words were artleſs and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings:
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but Time;
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIV.

PREFACE

To the Tranſlation

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

The method I propoſe in writing this Preface, is to take notice of ſome of the beauties of the Metamorphoſes, and alſo of the faults and particular affectations; after which I ſhall proceed to hint at ſome rules for tranſlation in general, and ſhall give a ſhort account of the following verſion.

I ſhall not pretend to impoſe my opinion on others with the magiſterial authority of a critic, but only take the liberty of diſcovering my own taſte. I ſhall endeavour to ſhow our Poet's redundance of wit, juſtneſs of compariſons, elegance of deſcriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumſtance relating to the paſſions and affections; and with the ſame impartiality and frankneſs I ſhall confeſs the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his ſometimes unlaboured verſification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to tranſlators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am ſure one is no more obliged to do ſo than a painter is to make every face that ſits to him handſome. It is

enough if he ſets the beſt features he finds in their full and moſt advantageous light. But if the Poet has private deformities, though good-breeding will not allow to expoſe him naked, yet ſurely there can be no reaſon to recommend him as the moſt finiſhed model of harmony and proportion.

Whoever has this undiſtinguiſhing complaiſance will not fail to vitiate the taſte of the readers, and miſguide many of them in their judgment where to approve and where to cenſure.

It muſt be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harſh and diſingenuous to be ſevere on ſuch faults as have eſcaped rather through want of leiſure, and opportunity to correct, than through the erroneous turn of a depraved judgment. How ſenſible Ovid himſelf was of the incorrectneſs of the Metamorphoſes, appears from theſe lines prefixed before ſome of the editions by the care of his commentators.

> Orba parente ſuo quicunque volumina tangis,
> His ſaltem veſtra detur in urbe locus.
> Quoque magis faveas; non ſunt hæc edita ab illo,
> Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.
> Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
> Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat. *Triſt. El.* vi.

Since, therefore, the readers are not ſolemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally, they ought to be contented with what they find: and pray what have they to complain of but too great

variety? where, though ſome of the diſhes be not ſerved in the exacteſt order and politeneſs, but haſhed up in haſte, there are a great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To like every thing ſhows too little delicacy; and to like nothing too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader who is never pleaſed will appear as monſtrous as he that is always ſo. Here are the hurries of battles for the hero; tender emotions of ſoul for the lover; a ſearch and penetration into nature for the philoſopher; fluency of numbers and moſt expreſſive figures for the poet; morals for the ſerious, and pleaſantries for admirers of points of wit.

It is certain a poet is more to be ſuſpected for ſaying too much than too little. To add is often hazardous, but to retrench commonly judicious. If our author, inſtead of ſaying all he could, had only ſaid all he ſhould, Daphne had done well to fly from the god of Wit, in order to crown his poet: thus Ovid had been more honoured and adored in his exile than Auguſtus in his triumphs.

I ſhall now attempt to give ſome inſtances of the happineſs and vaſt extent of our Author's imagination. I ſhall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather tranſcribe ſome lines here and there, as my reflection ſhall ſuggeſt.

> Nec circumfuſo pendebat in aere tellus
> Ponderibus librata ſuis----

Thus was the ſtate of Nature before the creation; and here it is obvious that Ovid had a diſcerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. It is now demonſtrated that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force which is always in a direct ſimple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverſe duplicate proportion of the diſtance, which tendency or gravitating is conſtant and univerſal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the ſolid content of bodies, and never in any proportion to their ſuperficies, cannot be explained by any material impulſe; for the laws of impulſe are phyſically neceſſary: there can be no *αὐτεξούσιον*, or arbitrary principle in mere matter; its parts cannot move unleſs they be moved, and cannot do otherwiſe when preſſed on by other parts in motion; and therefore it is evident, from the following lines, that Ovid ſtrictly adhered to the opinion of the diſcerning philoſophers, who taught that all things were formed by a wiſe and intelligent Mind.

> Juſſit et extendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
> Fronde tegi ſylvas-----

The *fiat* of the Hebrew lawgiver is not more ſublime than the *juſſit* of the Latin poet, who goes on in the ſame elevated and philoſophical ſtyle.

> His ſuper impoſuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
> Æthera-----

Here the author ſpreads a thin veil of ether over his infant creation; and though his aſſerting the upper region to be void of gravitation may not, in a mathematical rigour, be true, yet it is found from the natural inquiries made ſince, and eſpecially from the learned Dr. Halley's diſcourſe on the Barometer, that if, on the ſurface of the earth, an inch of quickſilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air of 300 feet, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2,700,000; and therefore the air at ſo great a diſtance from the earth muſt be rarified to ſo great a degree, that the ſpace it fills muſt bear a very ſmall proportion to that which is entirely void of matter.

I think we may be confident, from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feaſts, that he could not be totally ignorant of aſtronomy. Some of the critics would inſinuate, from the following lines, that he miſtook the annual motion of the ſun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum----- *Met. B.* ii.

Though the ſun be always in one or other of the ſigns of the zodiac, and never goes by either motion more northward or ſouthward than is here deſcribed, yet Phaeton, being deſigned to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the equator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptic; a degree of which, and that

by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclined to think that Ovid had so great an attention to poetical embelliſhments that he voluntarily declined a ſtrict obſervance of any aſtronomical ſyſtem: for though that ſcience was far from being neglected in former ages, yet the progreſs which was made in it by no means equalled that of our preſent time.

Lucretius, though in other things moſt penetrating, deſcribes the ſun ſcarce bigger than he appears to the eye.

> Nec nimio ſolis major rota, nec minor ardor
> Eſſe poteſt, noſtris quam ſenſibus eſſe videtur.

And Homer, imagining the ſeats of the gods above the fixed ſtars, repreſents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the iſle of Lemnos to continue during a whole day.

> Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι
> Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ——— Iliad, B. i.

The Greek poet aims here to give a ſurpriſing idea of the height of the celeſtial manſions; but if the computation of a modern aſtronomer be true, they are at ſo much a greater diſtance, that Vulcan would have been more years in falling than he was minutes.

But leſt I ſhould exceed the uſual length of a Preface, I ſhall now give ſome inſtances of the propriety of our author's ſimiles and epithets, the perſpicuity

of his allegories, the inſtructive excellence of the morals, the peculiar happy turn of his fancy, and ſhall begin with the elegance of his deſcriptions.

-----Madidis notus evolat alis,
Terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
- -
Sternuntur ſegetes, et deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni. *Met. B.* i.

These lines introduce thoſe of the deluge, which are alſo very poetical, and worthy to be compared with the next, concerning the Golden Age.

-----Sine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipſa quoque immunis raſtroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.

Virgil has alſo touched upon the ſame ſubject in the end of the ſecond Georgic.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

And again,

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus Olympo
- -
Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
Sæcula; ſic placida populos in pace regebat.
Æn. B. viii. *l.* 319.

Some of the lines a little foreign to the preſent ſubject are omitted; but I ſhall make the moſt admirable author amends by tranſcribing at length his next deſcription. It is of a ſtag, which gave the firſt occaſion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians: I chuſe this, becauſe my deſign is to have theſe two great poets ſeen together, where the ſubject happens to be almoſt the ſame, tho' the nature of the poems be very different.

Cervus erat forma præſtanti, et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, et late cuſtodia credita campi.
Aſſuetum imperiis ſoror omni ſylvia cura
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manum patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili
Errabat ſylvis-----

Æn. B. vii. *l.* 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite ſtag ſlain accidentally by Cypariſſus ſeems not of leſs dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas
Ipſe ſuo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demiſſaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla ſuper frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Iſque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Depoſito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere ſolebat.
Gratus erat Cypariſſe tibi, Tu pabula cervum

Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.

- -

Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo residens, huc latus et illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capistris.

In the following lines Ovid describes the watery court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with Virgil's subterranean grot of Cyrene the Naïad, mother of Aristæus.

Est nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
Silva: vocant tempe, per quæ Peneus ab imo
Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, summasque aspergine sylvas
Impluit, et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæ sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc residens facto de cautibus antro
Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,
Nescia gratentur, consolenturve parentem,
Populifer Spercheos, et irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanusque senex, lenisque Amphrysos, et Æas;
Moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.

Met. B. i.

Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans-----

- -

Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magna labentia flumine terra
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.
Georg. B. iv.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers and eaſy magnificence of words, till he introduces the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice, in the narration of which he is as much ſuperior to Ovid as the reeds of his own Mantuan ſhepherds are leſs muſical than the lyre of Orpheus.

That I may not be too long on this article, I ſhall recommend to the reader Ovid's admirable deſcription of Sleep.

------Eſt prope Cimmerios--- *Met. B.* xi.

That of Hunger

------Eſt locus extremis Scythiæ----- *B.* viii.

That of the Plague

------Dira lues----- *B.* vii.

That of Fame

------Orbe locus medio eſt----- *B.* xii.

Virgil has alſo touched on the two laſt; in the one he had Lucretius in view, in the other Homer; and I think it will not be to the diſadvantage of our author to appear at the ſame time.

There are many other deſcriptions ſcattered in the Metamorphoſes, which, for juſt expreſſion of nature, and majeſtic modulation of words, are only inferior to thoſe already tranſcribed, as they are ſhorter,

which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into profe, a great deal too fevere.

The Metamorphofes muft be confidered, as is obferved before, very incorrect, and Virgil's works as finifhed, though his own modefty would not allow the Æneids to be fo. It feems it was harder for him to pleafe himfelf than his readers: his judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination lefs; for the firft without the laft is too heavy, and like a drefs without fancy; and the laft without the firft is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's fimilitudes are next to be confidered, which are always remarkably fhort, and convey fome pleafing idea to the imagination. It is in this branch of the poem that he has difcovered as juft a judgment as any of the Claffics whatever. Poets, to give a loofe to a warm fancy, are generally too apt not only to expatiate in their fimilies, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the firft they detain the attention too long from the principal narration; and by the latter they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

Thefe two errors Ovid has moft difcerningly avoided. How fhort and fignificant are generally his comparifons! he fails not in thefe to keep a ftiff rein on a high-mettled Pegafus; and takes care not to furfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His ſimilies are thicker ſown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus than in any other book, but always ſhort.

The nymph claſps the youth cloſe to her breaſt, and both inſenſibly grow one.

> -----Velut ſi quis conducto cortice ramos
> Creſcendo jungi, pariterque adoleſcere cernat.
>
> *Met. B.* vi.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes,

> Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
> Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum ſuper atria velum
> Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit umbras.
>
> *Met. B.* x.

Philomela's tongue ſeemed to move after it was cut out by Tereus.

> Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
> Palpitat----- *Met. B.* vi.

Cadmus ſows the dragon's teeth, and the ſons of the Earth riſe gradually.

> Inde fide majus glebæ cepere moveri;
> Primaque de ſulcis acies apparuit haſtæ;
> Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
> Mox humeri, pectuſque-----
> Sic ubi tolluntur feſtis aulæa theatris
> Surgere ſigna ſolent, primumque oſtendere vultum,
> Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
> Tota patent, inoque pedes in margine ponunt.
>
> *Met. B.* iii.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when

to give over is too manifeſt. Though he frequently expatiates on the ſame thought in different words, yet in his ſimilies that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all a ſimplicity and a confinement to the preſent object; always a fecundity of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has erred above once by an ill-judged ſuperfluity. After he has deſcribed the labyrinth built by Dædalus, he compares it thus,

> Non ſecus ac liquidus Phrygiis mæandros in arvis
> Ludit, et ambiguo lapſu refluitque, fluitque;
> Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare verſus apertum
> Incertus exercet aquas----- *Met. B.* viii.

He ſhould have ended at the cloſe of the ſecond line, as Virgil ſhould have done at the end of the fourth in his noble ſimile, where Dido proceeds to the temple with her court about her,

> Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
> Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
> Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, illa pharetram,
> Fert humero, gradienſque Deas, ſupereminet omnes:
> Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
> *Æn. B.* iv.

I ſee no reaſon for the laſt line: though the poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate judgment, yet, by an endeavour to imitate Homer's ſimilies, he is not only very long, but, by introducing ſeveral circumſtances, he fails of an applicable relation betwixt the principal ſubject and his new ideas. He ſometimes

thinks fit to work into the piece ſome differing embroidery, which, though very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious patchwork. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the leſs ſo if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walked on in his own regular and majeſtic grace, rather than have been hurried forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his ſimilies which is not culled out, but exactly of the ſame texture with all the reſt in the four laſt books of the Æneids.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abrumptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum----- *Æn. B.* xii. *l.* 684.

It does not ſeem to be at all material whether the rock was blown or waſhed down by wind or rain, or undermined by time.

But to return to Ovid: the reader may take notice how unforced his compliments, and how natural his tranſitions, generally are. With how much eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new circumſtance, without any violation of the unity of the ſtory! The texture is ſo artful that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the ſhade dies ſo gradually, and the light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes and the other begins.

When he is going off from the ſtory of Apollo and Daphne, how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

-----Et conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe,
Arbor eris certe-----
Tu ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longæ viſent Capitolia pompæ.
Poſtibus Auguſtis eadem fidiſſima cuſtos
Ante fores ſtabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. i.

He compliments Auguſtus upon the aſſignation of Julius; and, by way of ſimile, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave.

-----Sic cum manus impia ſævit
Sanguine Cæſareo Romanum extinguere nomen, *&c.*

Julius is deified, and looks down on his adopted ſon.

-----Natique videns benefacta, fatetur
Eſſe ſuis majora, et vinci gaudet ab illo.

Met. B. xv.

And immediately follows,

Hic ſua præferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
Libera fama tamen, nullíſque obnoxia juſſis
Invitum præfert-----

The author in the two firſt lines ſhows the affectionate condeſcenſion of the father, in the three laſt the pious gratitude of the ſon.

The compliments to Auguſtus are very frequent in the laſt book of the Metamorphoſes, as thoſe to the

ſame emperor are in the Georgics of Virgil, which alſo ſtrike the imagination by their agreeable flattery.

> Hæc ſuper arvorum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
> Et ſuper arboribus; Cæſar dum magnus ad altum
> Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
> Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
>
> *Georg.* i.

Again on Julius,

> Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris
> Julius-----
>
> *Æn. B.* i.

The compliments have a great ſublimity, and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deſerves praiſe for ſaying a great deal in a little, as cenſure for ſaying a little in a great deal. None of the Claſſic poets had the talent of expreſſing himſelf with more force and perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome pledge of his father's tenderneſs, and aſks to be truſted with his chariot. He anſwers,

> Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.
>
> *Met. B.* ii.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the conſequence is fatal; the world is ſet on fire; even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration: the Tagus boils,

> -----Fluit ignibus aurum.

The Nile retreats,

> Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet-----

Xanthus is parched up,

Arſuruſque iterum Xanthus-----

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promiſes himſelf ſucceſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again,

The river Achelöus combats Hercules, and aſſumes ſeveral ſhapes in vain, then puts on at laſt that of a ſnake: the hero ſmiles in contempt.

Cunarum labor eſt angues ſuperare mearum.

Ovid never excels himſelf ſo much as when he takes occaſion to touch upon the paſſion of love: all hearts are in a manner ſenſible of the ſame emotions, and, like inſtruments tuned uniſons, if a ſtring of any one of them be ſtruck the reſt by conſent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; ſhe endeavours to be confirmed in her fears, but hopes the contrary,

-----Speratque miſerrima falli.

The next is not leſs natural,

-----Sed cuncta timemus amantes.

Byblis is in love with Caunus: the ſtruggle is betwixt her unlawful flame and her honour.

She is all confuſion at the thoughts of diſcovering her paſſion———

-----miſerere fatentis amorem.

She attempts to write,

> Incipit et dubitat: ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
> Et notat, et delet: mutat, culpatque probatque.

In the end inclination, as it does always, gets the better of diſcretion.

This laſt fable ſhows how touchingly the poet argues in love affairs, as well as thoſe of Medea and Scylla. The two laſt are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid ſeemed here to have had Virgil's paſſion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference, the one had converſed much with ladies, and knew they loved to talk a great deal; the other conſidered no leſs what was natural for them to ſay than what became them to ſay.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this rencounter, diſcovered a moſt finiſhed judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience, and leaves for greater: Dido, like other ladies, reſents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge; then by and by ſubmits, begs for compaſſion, and has recourſe to tears.

It appears from this piece that Virgil was a diſcerning maſter in the paſſion of love; and they that conſider the ſpirit and turn of that inimitable line——*Qui Bavium non odit*——cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for ſatire.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the ſub-

ject of love than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulysses his elocution is most nervous and persuading. Where he endeavours to dissuade mankind from indulging carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philosophy, how emphatical is his reasoning!

Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare suum-----

Met. B. xv.

I think *Agricolam* had been stronger, but the authority of manuscripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work Ovid discovers the highest humanity, and a most exceeding good nature. The virtuous in distress are always his concern, and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himself.

He seems to have taken the most pains in the first and second book of the Metamorphoses, though the thirteenth abounds with sentiments most moving, and with calamitous incidents introduced with great art. The poet had here in view the tragedy of Hecuba in Euripides; and it is a wonder it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The house of Priam is destroyed, his royal daughter a sacrifice to the manes of him that occasioned it: she is forced from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurried to the altar, where she behaves herself with a decency becoming her sex,

and a magnanimity equal to her blood, and ſo very affecting, that even the prieſt wept.

-----Ipſe etiam flens, invituſque ſacerdos, &c.

She ſhows no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old unfortunate mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere poſſit.
Mater obeſt, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi, verum ſua vita gemenda eſt.

Then begs her body may be delivered to her without ranſom,

-----Genetrici corpus ineptum
Reddite; neve auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.

The unhappy queen laments ſhe is not able to give her daughter royal burial,

Non hæc eſt fortuna domus———

Then takes the body in her decrepit arms, and halts to the ſea to waſh off the blood,

———Ad littus paſſu proceſſit anili
Albentes laniata comas.———

The animated thoughts and lively images of this poem are numerous. None ever painted more to the life than our author, though ſeveral groteſque figures are now and then ſeen in the ſame group. The moſt plentiful ſeaſon that gives birth to the fineſt flowers produces alſo the rankeſt weeds. Ovid has ſhewn in one line the brighteſt fancy ſometimes, and in the next the pooreſt affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis,

> ———Et ecce!
> Opportuna ſua blanditur populus umbra;
> Et requievit humo; preſſitque et gramen et ipſum.
> *Met. B. x. l. 556.*

Phœbus requeſts Phaeton to deſiſt from his requeſt.

> ———Conſiliis, non curribus utere noſtris.

Cœneus in the battle of the Centaurs wounds Latreus in ſeveral places.

> ———Vulnuſque in vulnere fecit.

Theſe are ſome of our poet's boyiſms. There is another affectation, called by Quintilian Ὀξύμωρον, or a witty folly, which would not have appeared quite ſo trifling had it been leſs frequent.

Medea perſuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renewed: ſhe that loves him beſt gives the firſt wound,

> Et, ne ſit ſcelerata, facit ſcelus——— *Met. B. vii.*

Althea is enraged at her ſon Meleager, and, to do juſtice to the manes of her brothers, deſtroys him,

> Impietate pia eſt———

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flouriſhing condition of the city,

> Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of ſuch witticiſms, which are more to be wondered at, becauſe they were not the faſhion of that age, as puns and quibbles are of

this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice.

> Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
> Unde homines nati, durum genus————
> *Georg.* i. *l.* 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas upon his arrival in Italy.

> Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
> Troja viros?———— *Æn.* vii. *l.* 295.

The poet is so far from affecting this sort of wit, that he rarely ventures on so spirited a turn of fancy as in these following instances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman.

> ————Memorabile nomen,
> Una dolo Divum si fœmina victa duorum est.
> *Æn.* iv. *l.* 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterprise, expresses his concern for his surviving mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the care of Ascanius, who answers,

> Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Creusæ
> Solum defuerit————

Venus is importunate in her solicitations to Vulcan to make armour for her son; he answers,

> ————Absiste precando
> Viribus indubitare tuis———— *Æn.* vii.

At the first kindling of Dido's passion, he has this most natural thought,

> ————Illum absens absentem auditque videtque.

But to return to Ovid: though I cannot vindicate him for his points, I ſhall endeavour to mollify his critics, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him ſo inflexibly for ending his lines with monoſyllables, as—*ſi quis*—*ſi non*, *&c.*; and, as I think, he cannot be excuſed more advantageouſly than by affirming, that where he has done it once Virgil has twenty times.

——— et cum		*Georg.* i.
——— ſi quis		*Georg.* ii.
——— nec dum		*Georg.* ii
——— ſi quam		*Æn.* i.
——— ſi quis		*Æn.* vii.
——— jam bos		*Æn.* xii.
——— nunc nunc——— *&c.*		

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than ſeems conſiſtent with the majeſty of heroic verſe. When lines are deſigned to be *ſermoni propiores*, this liberty may be allowable, but not ſo when the ſubject requires more ſonorous numbers. Virgil ſeems to endeavour to keep up his verſification to an harmonious dignity, and therefore, when fit words do not offer with ſome eaſe, he will rather break off in an hemiſtich than that the line ſhould be lazy and languid. He well knew how eſſential it was in poetry to flatter the ear, and at the ſame time was ſenſible that this organ grows tired by a conſtant attention to the ſame harmony, and therefore he endeavoured now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauſes, and a variation of meaſures.

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracintho. *Ecl.* ii.

This line ſeems not tuneful at the firſt hearing, but by repetition it reconciles itſelf, and has the ſame effect with ſome compoſitions of muſic which are at the firſt performance tireſome, and afterward entertaining.

The commentators and critics are of opinion that whenever Virgil is leſs muſical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the ſound with the ſenſe, as,

———Procumbit humi bos.

It would ſhow as much ſingularity to deny this as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it, becauſe it is obvious in many places he had no ſuch view.

———Inventa ſub ilicibus ſus. *Æn.* iii. *l.* 390.
———Denteſque Sabellicus exacuit ſus.
Georg. iii. *l.* 255.
———Jam ſetis obſita, jam bos. *Æn.* vii. *l.* 790.
———Furor additus, inde lupi ceu, &c.
Æn. xi. *l.* 355.

The places which favour moſt the firſt opinion are,

Saxa per et ſcopulos, et depreſſas convalles.
Georg. iii. *l.* 275.
———Sæpe exiguus mus.
Omnia ſub magna labentia flumina terra. *Georg.* iv.

The laſt line is the only inſtance I remember (except one in *Ecl.* ii.) where the words terminate in the ſame vowel, and ſeem to repreſent the conſtant and uniform ſound of a ſliding ſtream.

Thoſe that are moſt converſant in claſſic poetry muſt be ſenſible that Virgil has been much more ſolicitous than Ovid to keep up his lines to an eaſy and

a mufical flow; but though the critics charge the latter with breaking through profody and grammar, and allowing himfelf too often the licenfe of Græcifms, I take this cenfure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundlefs in itfelf; but though it were true, I dare be confident it is full as juft upon Virgil.

——Curru fubjungere Tigres, *Ecl.* v. *l.* 29.

for *currui*, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs, and the contrary.

G. i.—*Pinguia culta*, an adjective for a fubftantive.

——*Denfo diftinguere pingui*; the fame.

Æn. xi. l. 69.——*Seu languentis Hyacinthi*; firft foot of the dactyl fhort,

Æn. iv.——*Tulerunt faftidia menfes*; the penultima of the verb fhort.

Obftupuî fteteruntque comæ——the fame.

So Lucretius, *prodiderunt reciderunt*, &c.

G. ii. l. 5.——*Pampineo gravidus autumno*; an iambic for a fpondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus campofque per omnes; an anapeft for a dactyl, or a fpondee.

Æn. x. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mneftheo*; a trochee, unlefs the two confonants *M N* of the following word be allowed.

G. i. l. 456. *Fervere, non illâ quifquam*——

The penultima commonly ſhort with Virgil, ſo *fulgere, ſtridere, &c.*

Æn. xii. l. 680.——*Sine me furere ante furorem;* a Græciſm.

G. i. l. 281.—*Imponere Pelio Oſſam;* a Græciſm, where there is no eliſion, but the long vowel before another made ſhort.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clark has obſerved, (as he tells me) that though there be ſeveral ſhort vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no inſtance on the contrary of any long vowel (ſuch as the firſt ſyllable of τιμὴ, ψυχὴ, νίκη, and the like) ever made ſhort where no vowel follows; which ſhows that there is no ſuch thing as a *poetica licentia*, properly ſo called.

Certainly no body can imagine but theſe two celebrated authors underſtood their own tongue better than the ſcrupulous grammarians of after-ages, who are too dogmatical and ſelf-ſufficient when they preſume to cenſure either of them for not attending ſtrictly enough to ſyntax and the meaſure of verſe. The Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide with confidence on the harmony or diſſonance of the numbers of theſe times, unleſs they were thoroughly acquainted with their pauſes and cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more aſſurance on their diction, and diſtinguiſh where they have been negli-

gent, and where more finiſhed. There are certainly many lines in Ovid where he has been downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviouſly ſo by a very little application. In recording the ſucceſſion of the Alban kings, thus,

> Epitus ex illo eſt, poſt hunc Capetuſque, Capyſque,
> Sed Capys ante fuit———

There are alſo ſeveral lines in Virgil which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfiniſhed.

> Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, et omnes
> Cogendæ in ſulcum——— *Georg.* ii. *l.* 61.
> Præſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſylvis
> Incubuit——— *Georg.* ii. *l.* 310.
> Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc, eſt omnia quando
> Iſte animus ſupra——— *Æn.* xi. *l.* 509.
> Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
> Jupiter——— *Æn.* xii. *l.* 108.

But the ſun has its ſpots; and if amongſt thouſands of inimitable lines there ſhould be ſome found of an unequal dignity with the reſt, nothing can be ſaid for their vindication more than, if they be faults they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occaſion an advocate for Ovid, who I think is too much run down at preſent by the critical ſpirit of this nation, I dare ſay I cannot be more effectually ſo than by comparing him in many places with his admired contemporary Virgil; and though the laſt certainly deſerves the palm, I ſhall make uſe of Ovid's own lines in the trial of ſtrength

betwixt Achelöus and Hercules, to ſhow how much he is honoured by the contention.

———Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum.
Met. B. ix.

I ſhall finiſh my remarks on our author by taking notice of the juſtneſs and perſpicuity of his allegories, which are either phyſical or natural, moral or hiſtorical. Of the firſt kind is the fable of Apollo and Python; in the explanation of this all the mythologiſts agree, exhalations and miſts being the conſtant effects of inundations, are here diſſipated by the rays of the ſun.

Of the ſecond kind are Actæon torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Eriſicthon ſtarved by the diſeaſe of hunger. Theſe two allegories ſeem to ſignify that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third is the ſtory of the rape of Europa. Hiſtory ſays ſhe was daughter to Agenor, and carried by the Candians in a galley, bearing a bull in the ſtern, in order to be married to one of their kings named Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occaſion for a digreſſion, which is not altogether foreign to the preſent purpoſe, becauſe it will be of uſe to juſtify Ovid on ſome other occaſions, where he is cenſured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once repreſenting the Metamorphoſes as an excellent ſyſtem

of morality; but an illustrious lady, whose least advantage above her sex is that of being one of the greatest princesses in Europe, objected, that the loose and immodest sallies of Jupiter did by no means confirm my assertion.

One must consider, that what appeared an absurdity in Ovid is not so much his own fault, as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old Heroic Age represented them unjust in their actions, mutable in their designs, partial in their favours, ignorant of events, scurrilous in their language; some of the superior hierarchy treating one another with injurious brutalities, and are often guilty of such indecencies and misbehaviour as the lowest mortals would blush to own. Juno calls Diana, the goddess of Chastity, κύον ἀδδεὲς, brazen-faced bitch, Homer's Iliad, b. xxi. l. 481. Jupiter insults his daughter, the goddess of Wisdom, for rashness and folly; bids Iris tell her he will maul her coach-horses for her, like a surly bitch as she is; ἀινοτάτη κύον, Iliad, b. viii. from l. 400 to l. 425. then threatens, in another place, to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the empyreal throne, ἤ σε πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω. Iliad, b. xv. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide those absurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that considers the whole texture of the Iliad will find, that the author's meaning and their interpretation

are often as unlike as the imaginary heroes of his time are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories ſhould be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which repreſent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of ſoldiers, now flocks of ſheep, and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the critics of a more exalted taſte may diſcover ſuch beauties in the ancient poetry as may eſcape the comprehenſion of us pigmies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine ſenſe of the Pagan theology, whilſt we aim at no more than to judge of a little common ſenſe.

It is, and ever will be, a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, tho' never ſo ill-grounded. The moſt are afraid of being particular, and, rather than ſtrive againſt the ſtream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many rather than deſirous of being in the right with the few; and though they be convinced of the reaſonableneſs of diſſenting from the common cry, yet out of a poor fear of cenſure they contribute to eſtabliſh it, and thus become an authority againſt others, who in reality are but of their own opinion.

Ovid was ſo far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predeceſſor in the character of his gods, that when Jupiter puniſhes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him *injuſtus Ammon*, Metamorphoſes, b. iv. and takes

commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the godhead, when their actions are consistent with the divinity of their character. His allegories include some religious or instructive moral wrapped up in a peculiar perspicuity. The fable of Proserpina, being sometimes in hell, and sometimes with Ceres her mother, can scarce mean any thing else than the sowing and coming up of corn. The various dresses that Vertumnus, the god of Seasons, puts on in his courtship of Pomona the Garden goddess, seem plainly to express the different and most proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increase. I shall be shorter on this head, because our countryman Mr. Sands has, by laborious search amongst the mythologists, been very full: he has annexed his explanations to the end of each book, which deserve to be recommended to those that are curious in this figurative learning.

The reader cannot fail of observing how many excellent lessons of morality Ovid has given us in the course of his fables.

The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches, that piety and innocence cannot miss of the divine protection, and that the only loss irreparable is that of our probity and justice.

That of Phaeton, how the too great tenderness of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he

who would climb to the ſeat of Jupiter generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is moſt inimitably told. He omits not the minuteſt circumſtance of a cottage life, and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, Georg. iv. Ovid repreſents a good old couple, happy and ſatiſfied in a cleanly poverty; hoſpitable and free of the few things that Fortune had given them; moderate in deſires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; ſo religious in life, that when they obſerved their homely cabin riſing to a temple, all the bounty they aſked of the gods they had entertained was, that they might do the office of prieſthood there, and at their death not ſurvive one another.

The ſtories of Lycaon and Pentheus not only deter from infidelity and irreverence to the gods, but the laſt alſo ſhows that too great zeal produces the ſame effects as none at all, and that enthuſiaſm is often more cruel than atheiſm.

The ſtory of Minos and Scylla repreſents the infamy of ſelling our country, and teaches that even they who love the crime abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity and heavenly ſelf-denial; he preferred the good of the republic to his own private grandeur; and choſe, with an exemplary generoſity, rather to live a private freeman out of Rome than to command numbers of ſlaves in it.

From the ſtory of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady who, like many others, loves to have her admirers ſuffer a great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero; ſhows how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himſelf; then does him the poetical juſtice of an apotheoſis, thinking it moſt fit that one who had borne the celeſtial orbs on his ſhoulders ſhould have a manſion amongſt them.

From the aſſumption of Romulus, that when war is at an end, the chief buſineſs of peace ſhould be the enacting good laws; that after a people are preſerved from the enemy, the next care ſhould be to preſerve them from themſelves; and therefore the beſt legiſlators deſerve a place amongſt heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deſerted by Theſeus, and generouſly received by Bacchus, we find that as there is nothing we can be ſure of, ſo there is nothing we ought to deſpair of.

From Althea burning the brand, that we ſhould take care leſt under the notion of juſtice we ſhould do a cruelty; for they that are ſet upon revenge only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea one may obſerve, that the moſt deformed can find ſomething to like in their own perſon. He examines his face in the ſtream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact and ſtudious of his dreſs, and diſcovers the

first sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the disease of jealousy, and that the most convincing proofs can scarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may discover, that a generous present helps to persuade, as well as an agreeable person.

From Medea's flying from Pelias' court, that the offered favours of the impious should be always suspected; and that they who design to make every one fear them are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha, that shame is sometimes hard to be overcome; but if the sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis, that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame perishes so does censure.

From Tereus, that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the same person who begins with lust may conclude with murder.

From Midas, that no body can punish a covetous man worse than he punishes himself; that scarce any thing would sometimes prove more fatal to us than the completion of our own wishes; and that he who has the most desires will certainly meet with the most disappointments.

From the Pythagorean philofophy it may be obferved, that man is the only animal who kills his fellow-creature without being angry.

From Proteus we have this leffon, that a ftatefman can put on any fhape; can be a fpaniel to the lion, and a lion to the fpaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy who knows not how to feem a friend: that if all crowns fhould change their miniftry as often as they pleafe, though they may be called other minifters, they are ftill the fame men.

The legend of Æfculapius' voyage to Rome, in form of a fnake, feems to exprefs the neceffary fagacity required in profeffors of that art for the readier infight into diftempers, this reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturalifts for a quick fight.

> Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
> Quam aut aquila, aut ferpens Epidaurius?———
> *Hor. Sat.* iii. *l.* 1.

The venerable Epidaurian affumed the figure of an animal without hands to take fees, and therefore grateful pofterity honoured him with a temple. In this manner fhould wealthy phyficians, upon proper occafions, practife, and thus their furviving patients reward.

If the Metamorphofes be attended to with a juft application, and without prepoffeffion, one will be the lefs furprifed at the author's prophetic fpirit relating to the duration and fuccefs of the work.

> Jamque opus exegi, *&c.*———

This prediction has so far proved true, that this poem has been ever since the magazine which has furnished the greatest poets of the following ages with fancy and allusions, and the most celebrated painters with subjects and design: nor have his poetical predecessors and contemporaries paid less regard to their own performances.

> Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
> Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. *Lucr. B.* i.

> Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
> Facsit; quur volito vivu' per ora virum. *Enn. Frag.*

> ———Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
> Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
> *Virg. Georg.* iii.

> Me doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium
> Diis miscent superis——— *Hor. Od.* I.

Again,

> Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
> Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
> Non omnis moriar.——— *Hor. B.* iii. *Od.* 30.

The whole ode is in a manner a continued compliment to his own writings; nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our present age who have been pleased to rank themselves amongst their own admirers.

I have done with the original, and shall make no excuse for the length of the Preface, because it is in the power of the reader to make it as short as he

pleaſes. I ſhall now conclude with a word or two about the verſion.

Tranſlation is commonly either verbal, or paraphraſe, or imitation. Of the firſt is Mr. Sands's, which I think the Metamorphoſes can by no means allow of. It is agreed the author left it unfiniſhed; if it had undergone his laſt hand, it is more than probable that many ſuperfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finiſhed, the tranſlation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this the ſenſe of the author is more entirely his own, and the caſt of the periods more faithfully preſerved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a haſty brevity, I think the tranſlator may be excuſed for doing what the author upon reviſing would have done himſelf.

If Mr. Sands had been of this opinion, perhaps other tranſlations of the Metamorphoſes had not been attempted.

A critic has obſerved, that in his verſion of this book he has ſcrupulouſly confined the number of his lines to thoſe of the original. It is fit I ſhould take the ſum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him.

The manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent undertaking is, neither to follow the author too cloſe out of a critical timorouſneſs, nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic boldneſs. The original

ſhould always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the ſenſe: where it is otherwiſe, it is not a verſion but an imitation. The tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulneſs of the poem as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a ſhade over its blemiſhes; to be faithful to an idolatry where the author excels; and to take the licenſe of a little paraphraſe where penury of fancy, or dryneſs of expreſſion, ſeem to aſk for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking ſeem to be of this opinion, and therefore they have not only conſulted the reputation of the author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other ſhare in this compliment than by being the occaſion of engaging them that have in obliging the public. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing ſo near his own.

I cannot paſs by that admirable Engliſh poet without endeavouring to make his country ſenſible of the obligations they have to his Muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing grace of his verſification, the vigorous ſallies of his fancy, or the peculiar delicacy of his periods, they will diſcover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the firſt productions of his youth to the laſt performances of his age, they will find that as the tyranny of rhyme never impoſed on the perſpicuity of the ſenſe, ſo a languid

ſenſe never wanted to be ſet off by the harmony of rhyme: and as his earlier works wanted no maturity, ſo his latter wanted no force or ſpirit. The falling off of his hair had no other conſequence than to make his laurels to be ſeen the more.

As a tranſlator he was juſt; as an inventor he was rich. His verſions of ſome parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a juſt pretence to that compliment which was made to Monſieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French tranſlator, "It is uncertain who have the greateſt obligations to "him, the dead or the living."

With all theſe wondrous talents he was libelled in his lifetime by the very men who had no other excellencies but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have ſentiments ſuperior to all others they charged him with theft: but how did he ſteal? no otherwiſe than like thoſe that ſteal beggars' children, only to clothe them the better.

It is to be lamented that gentlemen ſtill continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with moſt injurious libels. The Muſes ſhould be ladies of a chaſte and fair behaviour; when they are otherwiſe they are Furies. It is certain that Parnaſſus is at beſt but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more ſo by their unneighbourly deportment: the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own ſociety.

Every day may convince them how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of Exchange-Alley; one tally is worth a grove of bays; and it is of much more consequence to be well read in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is still a sad and shameful instance of this truth. The man that could make kings immortal, and raise triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor square foot of stone to show where the ashes of one of the greatest poets that ever was upon earth are deposited.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMAT. OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's hafte, bounds o'er
The fwelling waves, and feeks the Latian fhore.
Meffena, Rhegium, and the barren coaft
Of flaming Ætna, to his fight are loft:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene feas, and views
The hills where baneful philters Circe brews;
Monfters in various forms around her prefs,
As thus the god falutes the forcerefs.
"O Circe! be indulgent to my grief,
"And give a love-fick deity relief.
"Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know;
"To thofe my figure and new fate I owe.
"Againft Meffena, on th' Aufonian coaft,
"I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loft.
"In tend'reft founds I fu'd; but ftill the fair
"Was deaf to vows, and pitilefs to pray'r.
"If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r,
"Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
"I afk no cure; let but the virgin pine
"With dying pangs or agonies like mine."
No longer Circe could her flame difguife,
But to the fuppliant god-marine replies:
"When maids are coy have manlier aims in view;
"Leave thofe that fly, but thofe that like purfue.

"If love can be by kind compliance won,
"See at your feet the daughter of the Sun."
"Sooner," ſaid Glaucus, "ſhall the aſh remove
"From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love,
"Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair,
"Ere I think any but my Scylla fair."
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates:
To hurt her hapleſs rival ſhe proceeds,
And by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating bev'rage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives, the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies;
This ſtation Scylla choſe, a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful ſorc'reſs viſits this receſs,
Her charm infuſes, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs, then at herſelf ſhe ſtarts.
A ghaſtly horror in her eyes appears,
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from herſelf to run,
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;
From the distressed sorceress he flies,
Her art reviles, and her address denies;
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

CONTINUED.

HERE bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
And cut, with well-tim'd oars, the foaming flood,
He weather'd fell Charybdis; but ere long
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthagenian shore.
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer:
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies,
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.
Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns;
First to his sire does fun'ral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
Outruns the islands where volcanoes roar,
Gets clear of Sirens and their faithless shore;

But loſes Palinurus in the way,
Then makes Inarime and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION

OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

THE gallies now by Pythecuſa paſs;
The name is from the natives of the place;
The father of the gods deteſting lies,
Oft' with abhorrence heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beaſts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd and furrow'd, with grimace they grin,
And look to what they were too near akin:
Merry in make, and buſy to no end,
This moment they divert, the next offend.
So much this ſpecies of their paſt retains,
Tho' loſt the language, yet the noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now on his right he leaves Parthenope,
His left Meſſina jutting in the ſea,
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe ſurvey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his ſire:
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes,
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
"O thou! whoſe worth thy wondrous works pro-
"The flames thy piety, the world thy fame; [claim,

"Tho' great be thy requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
"Th' Elyſian Fields, th' infernal monarchy,
"Thy parent's ſhade: this arm thy ſteps ſhall guide;
"To ſuppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd."
She ſpoke, and pointing to the golden bough
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
"Seize that," ſhe bids; he liſtens to the maid,
Then views the mournful manſions of the dead;
The ſhade of great Anchiſes, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus ſalutes the viſionary dame.—
"O! whether ſome propitious deity,
"Or lov'd by thoſe bright rulers of the ſky?
"With grateful incenſe I ſhall ſtyle you one,
"And deem no godhead greater than your own.
"'Twas you reſtor'd me from the realms of night,
"And gave me to behold the fields of light;
"To feel the breezes of congenial air,
"And Nature's bleſs'd benevolence to ſhare."

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

"I AM no deity," reply'd the dame,
"But mortal, and religious rites diſclaim;
"Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic ſway,
"Had I conſented to the god of Day.
"With promiſes he ſought my love, and ſaid,
"Have all you wiſh, my fair Cumæan maid.

"I paus'd; then pointing to a heap of sand,
"For ev'ry grain to live a year demand.
"But, ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
"Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
"The smiling bloom I boasted once is gone,
"And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
"Sev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
"The period of the years to finish still.
"Who'll think that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
"Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
"This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall [waste
"To nothing but prophetic words at last."
The Sibyl, mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end:
Here, wand'ring, Achæmenides he meets,
And sudden thus his late associate greets.
"Whence came you here, O friend! and whither bound?
"All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground;
"A Greek 's at last aboard a Trojan found."

THE

ADVENT. OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—— "With thanks I name
"Æneas, and his piety proclaim.

"I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,
"Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
"When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
"He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
"Raging he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
"And vented clouds of breath at ev'ry ſtride.
"His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
"Oft' as he walks his griſly front he ſhrowds.
"Eyeleſs, he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
"And joſtled promontories as he paſs'd;
"Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
"And bellow'd like ſome burſting hurricane.
"Oh! could I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
"How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
"Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
"Grind ev'ry crackling bone, and pound his brain."
As thus he rav'd my joints with horror ſhook,
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook;
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits and wildings of the wood:
At length a ſail I waſted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what ſince firſt you put to ſea befell.

THE

ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

THEN Macareus—"There reign'd a prince of fame
"O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
"A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
"And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
"Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran,
"The tenth to make the meeting land began;
"When now the merry mariners, to find
"Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
"Forthwith out ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
"Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
"Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
"Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
"We to his court repair, his guards we meet:
"Two friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd
"To be by thoſe curs'd Cannibals conſum'd.
"Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat,
"Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
"In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
"And dropp'd his anchor in yon' faithleſs bay.
"The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
"And fear to land till lots appoint the men.
"Polites true, Elpenor, giv'n to wine,
"Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
"Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
"To Circe's fatal palace we repair."

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

"Before the ſpacious front a herd we find
"Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind:
"Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
"And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
"Within, upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
"On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantreſs ſate:
"Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
"Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
"Her maids not mind the loom nor houſehold care,
"Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
"But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flow'rs,
"And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bow'rs,
"With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
"Eaſe doſe the goddeſs weighs with watchful eye,
"So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
"Ent'ring ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
"And airs that future amity beſpoke.
"Her ready nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
"The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
"Quick to our own undoing we comply;
"Her pow'r we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.
"Soon in a length of face our head extends;
"Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
"A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
"Anon we grunt as we begin to ſpeak.
"Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
"Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.

" Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo Fates command)
" And bears the pow'rful moly in his hand;
" Unſheaths his ſcimetar, aſſaults the dame,
" Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
" The nuptial right this outrage ſtraight attends;
" The dow'r deſir'd is his transfigur'd friends.
" The incantation backwards ſhe repeats,
" Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did defeats.
" And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
" Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
" With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace,
" Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
" Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
" Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
" 'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone,
" His head a pecker bore, the cauſe unknown
" To paſſengers. A nymph of Circe's train
" The myſt'ry thus attempted to explain."

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th'Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The graces in the finiſh'd piece you find
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
Till ev'ry love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.

Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,
And ev'ry silver sister of the flood:
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where Almo creeps and hasty Nar o'erflows;
Where sedgy Anio glides thro' smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds;
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.
In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
His heart no sov'reign would obey but one;
She whom Venilia on Mount Palatine
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less:
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd list'ning on the plains;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend,
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame,
And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past,
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,

Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flow'ry hills she stray'd:
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
As she attempts at words his courser springs
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.
"Thou shalt not 'scape me so," pronounc'd the dame,
" If plants have pow'r, and spells be not a name."
She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That sought the covert with dissembled fear:
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the Night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite,
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her sire:
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon,
The guard at distance, and the youth alone.
" By those fair eyes," she cries, " and ev'ry grace
" That finish all the wonders of your face,
" Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain,
" Nor let the Sun's soft lineage sue in vain."

" Whoe'er thou art," reply'd the king," forbear;
" None can my passion with my Canens share:
" She first my ev'ry tender wish possest,
" And found the soft approaches to my breast.
" In nuptials bless'd, each loose desire we shun,
" Nor time can end what innocence begun."

"Think not," ſhe cry'd, "to ſaunter out a life
"Of form with that domeſtic drudge a wife:
"My juſt revenge, dull fool! ere long ſhall ſhow
"What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
"Think me a woman, and a lover too.
"From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
"Nor fail to puniſh where we fail to pleaſe."
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic pow'r ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizzling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair;
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.
Now, ſtrange to tell! the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the ether ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads:

The ſad ſpectators ſtiffen'd with their fears
She ſees, and ſudden ev'ry limb ſhe ſmears,
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire
In tides to temper his bright world of fire:
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence or delay.
Where ſhe commands her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as Chance
Directs, without or ſleep or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear:
Stretch'd on his banks ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſick'ning ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings.
Ere long ſad Canens waſtes to air, whilſt Fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.
Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe to our ſuff'ring fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

THUS Macareus—" Now with a pious aim
" Had good Æneas rais'd a fun'ral flame,
" In honour of his hoary nurſe's name:
" Her epitaph he fix'd; and, ſetting ſail,
" Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry gale.
  " He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
" Where the falſe goddeſs reigns with fatal pow'r,
" And ſought thoſe grateful groves that ſhade the [plain,
" Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
" And fattens, as he runs, the fair champaign.
  " His kindred gods the hero's wiſhes crown
" With fair Lavinia and Latinus' throne;
" But not without a war the prize he won.
" Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands;
" Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
" Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare,
" And doubtful long appears the face of war.
" Both pow'rs from neighb'ring princes ſeek ſupplies,
" And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
" Æneas for relief Evander moves;
" His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.
" The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
" Sage Venulus diſpatch to Diomede:
" The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
" Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd.—
  " Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
" My people thin, my wretched country waſte,

"An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne,
"Or riſk my patron's ſubjects or my own?"
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE

ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd what the ſword begun,
Pallas, incens'd, purſu'd us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane;
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of lightning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſtrous ſtate to tell;
Ev'n Priam would have pity'd what befell:
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main,
At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
Chas'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſuff'rings ſeas could give or war complete;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient thro' ſucceſſive ills,
With fury Love's bright goddeſs thus reviles:—
"Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
"The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.

"Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
"And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies."
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny,
And wheeling in the air like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. "Venulus withdraws,
"Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
"Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
"A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.
"Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
"Here ſtreams in gentle falls thro' windings ſtray,
"And with a paſſing breath cool zephyrs play.
"The goat-herd god frequents the ſilent place,
"As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race,
"Till Appulus, with a diſhoneſt air
"And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.

" The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
" Their motion mimics, but with geſt obſcene:
" Looſe language oft' he utters; but ere long
" A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
" Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
" The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS

TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

MEAN-WHILE the Latians all their pow'r prepare,
'Gainſt Fortune and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain,
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought, and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood, on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
  This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her tow'ry crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindled lions rein'd unveil'd her head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet ſhe ſaid;
  " Ceaſe, Turnus, and the heav'nly pow'rs reſpect,
" Nor dare to violate what I protect.
" Theſe gallies once fair trees on Ida ſtood,
" And gave their ſhade to each deſcending god;

" Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
" Allots their being no determin'd date."
Straight peals of thunder heav'n's high arches rend,
The hailſtones leap, the ſhow'rs in ſpouts deſcend;
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoaking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs deſign,
A trunk the hull, the ſlender keel a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late:
The barks that beat the ſeas are ſtill their care,
Themſelves rememb'ring what of late they were;
To ſave a Trojan ſail in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war:
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend,
And on their courage and their gods depend:
Nor bright Lavinia nor Latinus' crown
Warm their great ſoul to war like fair renown.
Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain, ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame.

Her tow'rs, that boaſted once a ſov'reign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings:
Calamities of towns diſtreſs'd ſhe feigns,
And oft' with woeful ſhrieks of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate,
And by a ſure irrevocable doom
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome:
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers.
"Almighty Arbiter! whoſe pow'rful nod
"Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode,
"To thy great progeny indulgent be,
"And rank the goddeſs-born a deity:
"Already has he view'd with mortal eyes
"Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies."
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits:
Remorſe for paſt revenge the goddeſs feels,
Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals,
Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An apotheöſis and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And with her Graces Love's bright queen withdraws;

Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where thro' the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his wat'ry tribute pays.
The god ſhe ſupplicates to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals, and ſtyles him Indiges.

THE

LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways,
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys;
Then young Latinus. Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal pow'r ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.

Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown,
From peace endeav'ring, more than arms, renown;
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A HAMADRYAD flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtragglers to obey command,
Leſt the licentious and unthrifty bough
The too-indulgent parent ſhould undo.
She ſhows how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint, and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air;

Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny,
And in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft' would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of Satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame,
And he that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſu'd the maid no leſs,
But with his rivals ſhar'd a like ſucceſs.
To gain acceſs a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft' in the hind the lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teams:
Then from the harveſt oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains:
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the god.
Now in a forehead-cloth ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs.
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit, the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandam kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.

Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.
" If that fair elm," he cry'd, " alone ſhould ſtand,
" No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
" Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
" 'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
" Be then, fair Nymph! by theſe examples led,
" Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
" Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
" Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heav'nly charms.
" And if you would on woman's faith rely,
" None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
" Tho' old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
" Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
" 'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
" With ſofteſt wiſhes and unſoil'd deſires.
" Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
" The god of Seaſons only worth your love.
" On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
" Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
" True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies,
" Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
" The charms of youth, and ev'ry ſmiling grace,
" Bloom in his features, and the god confeſs.
" Beſides, he puts on ev'ry ſhape at eaſe,
" But thoſe the moſt that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
" Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
" Their likings and averſions are the ſame.

"Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
"Nor all the youthful product of the year,
"Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
"A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
"Relent, fair Nymph! and with a kind regret
"Think 't is Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
"A tale attend, thro' Cyprus known, to prove
"How Venus once reveng'd neglected love."

THE STORY OF

IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè, of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft' did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear;
But Love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed he knows will pleaſe.
Where'er the fair one haunts he hovers there,
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs and pray'r;
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsleſs meſſengers in ſuits of love.

Now ſhiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than
Derides his pray'rs, inſults his agonies; [ſeas,

Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair.——
" O Anaxaretè! at laſt forget
" The licenſe of a paſſion indiſcreet.
" Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
" Your ſlave prepares to offer to your eyes.
" My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
" That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride like thine.
" But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
" Doom'd never to expire but with the light.
" And you, great Pow'rs! do juſtice to my name;
" The hours you take from life reſtore to fame."
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.
Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue ſhe appears,
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile. Now as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs;

Her features without fire; her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
" Warn'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
" O Nymph belov'd! to eaſe a lover's pain:
" So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
" And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear."
The ſtory oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heav'nly form again.
Such looks and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts; ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent on eager winds ſucceeds deſire,
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his ſon
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown:
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs pow'r,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.
The ſires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.

A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name:
This by the falfe Tarpeia was betray'd,
But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid.
The foe on this new-bought fuccefs relies,
And filent march, the city to furprife.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine,
But Venus countermines the vain defign;
Entreats the nymphs that o'er the fprings prefide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To fend their fuccours: ev'ry urn they drain
To ftop the Sabines' progrefs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ftratagems effay,
And kindling fulphur to each fource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rife,
Till from the fcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in fhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms.
The battle rages, and the field is fpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both fides confent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the fceptre fway:
But Tatius by Lavinian fury flain,
Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnifh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreffes Heav'n's imperial throne.

"Since the inferior world is now become
"One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
"This grace, O Jove! for Romulus I claim,
"Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.
"Long haſt thou promis'd an ethereal ſtate
"To Mars's lineage, and thy word is Fate."
The ſire that rules the thunder with a nod
Declar'd the Fiat, and diſmiſs'd the god.
Soon as the pow'r armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing thro' the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne,
The ſcales of heav'nly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand and a diſcerning eye;
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſpheres,
Swift as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind:
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the meteor maid:—
"Chaſte relict! in bright truth to Heav'n ally'd,
"The Sabines' glory, and the ſex's pride;

"Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
"Of ſuch a ſpouſe as now reſides above;
"Some reſpite to thy killing griefs afford,
"And if thou wouldſt once more behold thy lord,
"Retire to yon' ſteep mount, with groves o'erſpread,
"Which with an awful gloom his temple ſhade."
  With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright ambaſſadreſs replies:—
  "O Goddeſs! yet to mortal eyes unknown,
"But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one;
"O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear,
"With looks of love he'll ſmile away my care:
"In whate'er orb he ſhines my heav'n is there".
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And up the Mount Quirinal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward thro' the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS. BOOK XV.

Or as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhooting horns that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurpriſe
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes:
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs theſe pious pray'rs.

"If this portent be proſp'rous, O decree
"To Rome th' event! if otherwiſe, to me."
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe;
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze,
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head;
Then cry'd, "Hail, Conqueror! thy call obey,
"Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway:
"Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
"And owns thy ſov'reign pow'r as Fate's decree."
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent.
"Far hence, ye Gods! this execration ſend,
"And the great race of Romulus defend.
"Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
"Than e'er the Capitol ſhould ſtyle me Lord."
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and ſaid;
"If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
"Deſign'd by Deſtiny the bane of Rome.
"Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell!) his temples crown:
"If e'er he paſs the walls and gain the town,
"Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
"And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs pow'r.

"Your gates he might have enter'd, but this arm
"Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
"Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
"Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree,
"Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown,
"Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own."
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand,
Or as when gath'ring gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man:
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
"The wretch you want I offer to your eyes."
The anxious throng look'd down, and ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the Senate—"Hear, O Cippus! hear;
"So godlike is thy tutelary care,
"That ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
"For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
"The ploughſhare can ſurround the labour of a day.
"In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand enroll'd,
"And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold."

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

Could he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives,

He 'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim.
Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed,
Since that great law which your tribunal guides
Has join'd in love whom Deſtiny divides?
Repent, you Pow'rs! the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain!
Think what I feel the moment you complain:
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tend'reſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill;
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

Can you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies and cheer the nights?
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtripp'd by winter gales?
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn?
Or bridegrooms' joys or miſers' cares,
Or gameſters' oaths or hermits' pray'rs?
Or envy's pangs or love's alarms?
Or Marlb'rough's acts or ——n's charms?

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THE END.